HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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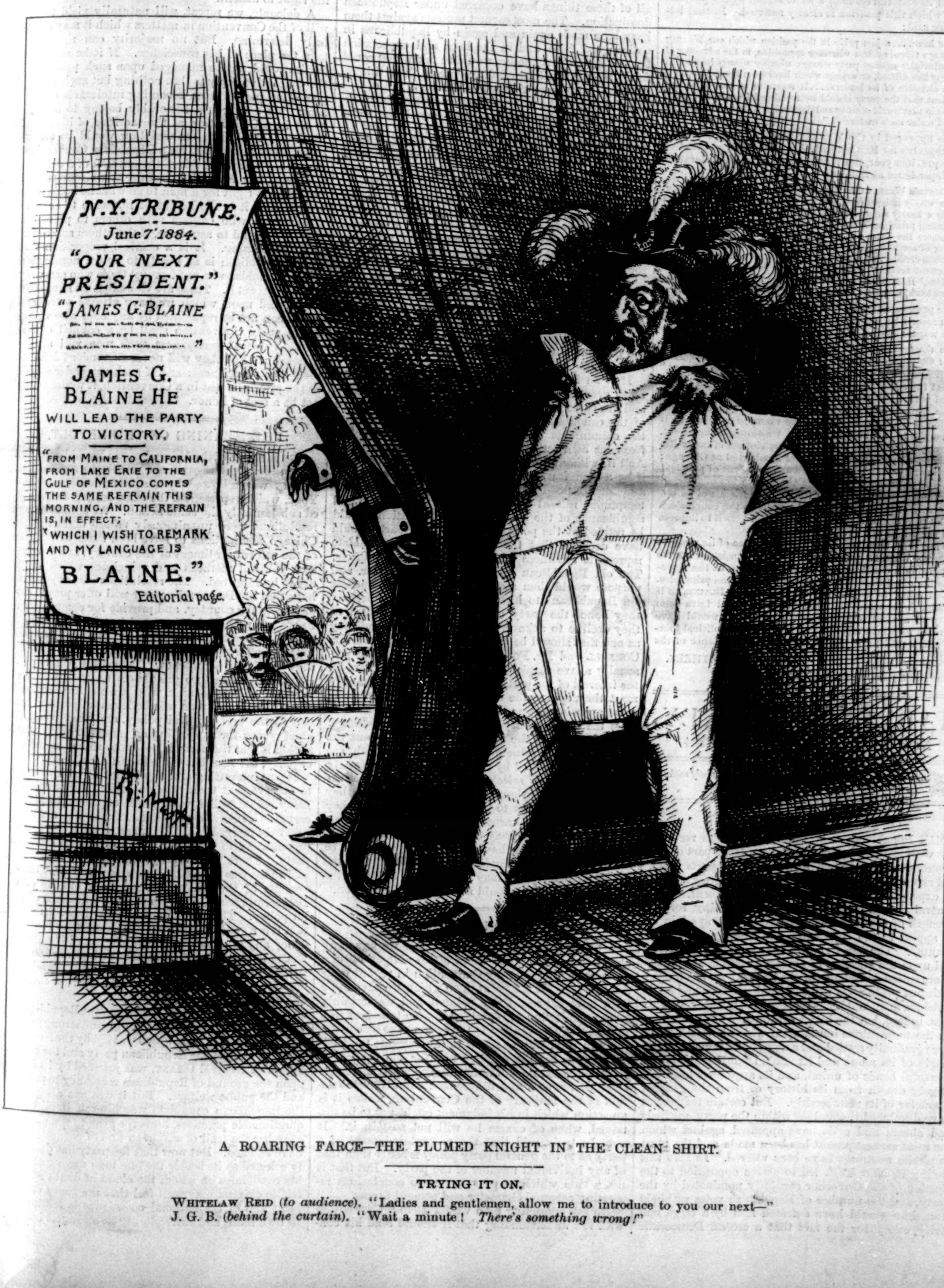


N.Y. TRIBUNE.
June 7' 1884.
"OUR NEXT PRESIDENT."
"JAMES G. BLAINE ... "
JAMES G. BLAINE HE WILL LEAD THE PARTY TO VICTORY.
"FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA, FROM LAKE ERIE TO THE GULF OF MEXICO COMES THE SAME REFRAIN THIS MORNING. AND THE REFRAIN IS, IN EFFECT; 'WHICH I WISH TO REMARK AND MY LANGUAGE IS BLAINE."
Editorial page.
Th: Nast

A ROARING FARCE—THE PLUMED KNIGHT IN THE CLEAN SHIRT.

TRYING IT ON.

WHITELAW REID (*to audience*). "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you our next—"
J. G. B. (*behind the curtain*). "Wait a minute! *There's something wrong!*"

THE POSITION OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

We have received a number of communications asking whether Harper's Weekly, in opposing the election of Mr. Blaine, is not guilty of a breach of faith toward those who have subscribed to it as a Republican journal.

There is a short and conclusive reply to this question. Harper's Weekly has never been a party organ. It holds to fundamental Republican principles, and supports the political organization which best represents them; but it has always and emphatically declared its independence of party. It opposed the election of Mr. Cornell in 1879, and condemned the methods which secured the nomination of Judge Folger in 1882; and we think that those who have observed the course of the paper can hardly fail to concede that it has never been controlled by the dictation of party machinery.

So far back as 1879 Harper's Weekly published at the head of its editorial columns a letter signed by the publishers in which this position is clearly asserted. In that letter they said:

> "We have....a just pride in the position which our Weekly has always taken, against whatever opposition, in the advocacy of right principles against party wrongs, whether wrongs into which the party has drifted, or wrongs which have been imposed upon it by the dictation of its leaders....It seems to us that it is more important that the party should be reclaimed from a dictatorial leadership that would stultify and demoralize it than that it should succeed under such leadership."

This appeared in the Weekly for October 25, 1879. In its prospectus for 1882, published conspicuously at the close of the previous year, the Weekly reiterated its declaration of independence as follows:

> "Harper's Weekly disclaims all partisan allegiance, and maintains a wholly independent position toward men and parties. It accords a hearty support to the Republican party, convinced that the leading principles and general policy of that organization tend to promote the peace and prosperity of the whole country, irrespective of sections; the purity of elections; the maintenance of the public credit; and the general elevation of politics and of the government service. But, refusing to be bound to any political 'machine,' Harper's Weekly reserves the right to dissent, warn, and condemn, whenever occasion for such action may arise."

The prospectus of the Weekly for 1884, published in 1883, again asserts its allegiance to principles as against party in these words:

> "In the field of politics it [the Weekly] holds country above party; and while it upholds the grand fundamental principles of the Republican party, it maintains its right to criticise and dissent."

That the editorial teaching of the paper has been in full accord with these declarations will, we think, be admitted by the readers of Harper's Weekly, and that its present position is the logical result of the views of duty which it has sought to inculcate must also, we think, be apparent. We freely concede the honesty and patriotism of many Republicans who adhere to the ticket nominated at Chicago; but we must be faithful to our own convictions of political duty, and shall not desist from the expression of them in our columns, trusting that in the end our friends of an opposite way of thinking may be brought to the conclusions which the Weekly endeavors by pen and pencil to impress upon the minds of its readers.

So far, then, from betraying the confidence of its readers, Harper's Weekly pursues an entirely consistent course in opposing a candidate whom it believes to be the representative of all that is destructive of Republican principles. Had it failed to oppose the election of Mr. Blaine, as it strenuously opposed his nomination, it would have been guilty of a most serious "breach of faith," would have stultified its whole record as an independent political journal, and would have justly forfeited the confidence of the public.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, New York, *June 23, 1884.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, June 28, 1884.

☞ *An* Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

THE Republican nominations have been received with profound regret even by a large part of the Republican press which unwillingly supports them, and especially has the powerful religious press strongly expressed its dissent and disappointment. This general Republican protest is not surprising, for the strength of the Republican party has always lain in its appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the country. The party sprang from a moral agitation, and upon the question of slavery it was the politically organized conscience of the nation. It has looked with just pride upon its great achievements and its illustrious men, and it has represented, not all good citizens, indeed, but the better sentiment of the country. As the momentous issues upon which it was formed were gradually settled and a new generation arose, the magic of its name and its noble tradition have been powerful bonds of union, and its argument has been largely drawn from its history or from the general character of its membership. But certain tendencies have developed themselves within the party, methods and abuses and evils have appeared, against which the most earnest protest has been made and the most emphatic warnings have been uttered. In 1879 this feeling in New York led to active opposition to the election of the Governor regularly nominated by the party, and the number of Republican votes withheld from him would have defeated him by a large majority, except for the fact that a second Democratic candidate divided the Democratic vote, and left the Republican candidate a plurality. In 1882 the same feeling that the influences which controlled the party deserved a rebuke from its own members led to the overwhelming Republican defeat of that year.

Since that time there has been an increasing feeling upon the part of many Republicans that the party name and tradition could not alone suffice, and that if the party would retain the hearty confidence and support of the new generation and of an important part of its older adherents, it must plainly vindicate its claim to represent the moral intelligence and spirit of political reform and progress of the country. A mercenary and venal tone has been creeping into politics, the illicit political power of vast corporations has been steadily increasing, enormous frauds connected with the public service have been revealed, and all of these things have occurred under Republican domination. The most earnest protests against them have been made again and again by Republicans in entire good faith, and in the hope and expectation that no signal party action would be taken that could fairly be construed into indifference to these things. But this is the very time, when the air is full of this moral doubt of the party, and when honest Republicans desire to see their party lifted above all suspicion, that the one conspicuous Republican who is most associated with these doubtful tendencies, who is charged, upon the authority of his own letters, with prostituting a great public office to his private emolument, and who is unknown as a practical friend of reform of the political abuses which have aroused and startled the country, is put forward as the proof that the Republican party repudiates the mercenary and venal tendency, and as an earnest of purity and reform in the government. The nomination gives the lie to Republican professions of reform, and tends to identify the party with all that has most discredited it. For the first time the party which has claimed to be peculiarly the party of conscience and patriotism presents a candidate for the Presidency who is at once discarded by a great body of Republicans as unfit for the position, and the party is at once called to defend its candidate as an honest man.

It is an issue, of course, which instantly subordinates every other. It is useless to consider policies and measures when the personal character and fitness of the candidate are in question, and this not from the calumnious tongue of political opponents, but from his own letters and from acknowledged facts. And if, without further explanation or justification, if by a mere hurra, and appeal to old party feelings and former good deeds of the party, and by a contemptuous refusal to deal with the actual facts and significance of the situation, the nomination should be ratified at the polls, the Republican party would have declared that the things which its candidate represents are those which it honors and respects. The old Republican spirit, principle, character, and purpose would then seem to many of the stanchest old Republicans to have disappeared. It is because they honor the party, and have believed in it, that they decline to acknowledge the Chicago candidacy as one that should be supported. They opposed Mr. Cornell and Mr. Folger, both of whom were personally above suspicion, and they opposed them in the interest of the party. How much more earnestly must they oppose the election of Mr. Blaine! The same appeals were made to them before as now, to trust the party if they did not like the candidates. But the party, in the sense of the appeal, means the very character, principle, and purpose which are shocked and repelled by the nomination. The party which deliberately selects such a candidate is not the party which the exhorters have in mind when they urge the protestants to trust it. It is because they have been the most earnest and devoted Republicans that they protest. They do not believe that the objects for which they have been Republicans can be furthered by such a candidacy. They hold that the old Republican party may survive the defeat of the candidate, but that it could not survive his election.

A QUESTION OF CONDUCT.

A correspondent inquires whether we have any objection to stating our views of the obligations of a delegate to a nominating Convention in regard to its final action. It is a point upon which we have more than once expressed our opinion, and we certainly have no objection to repeating it. To take part in a nominating Convention is to try to shape its conclusions in such way as seems to the delegate most advantageous for the country and for the party. If fairly outvoted he will naturally surrender mere personal preferences and differences, and accept the action of the majority of the Convention, unless it is an action which in his judgment ought not to be sustained, when of course he will not sustain it. It may be truly said that the general judgment of a party as to the general party policy is better than that of any individual member of the party. But that is not a rule which can be applied to conclusions respecting personal character and general fitness.

No self-respecting man would sit in a Convention with the understanding that it should bind his conscience; and the theory that a delegate upon accepting his commission ceases to be a free moral agent is utterly repulsive to every instinct of honorable manhood. No man worthy of the name, whether a member of a Convention or not, would feel himself bound in honor or in any other way, to support for high office a person whom he might believe to be corrupt or unfit, merely because the majority of the Convention might decide to nominate him. During the Tweed *régime* one of his henchmen procured the regular nomination of a Republican Convention. But it was a nomination binding upon no decent member of the Convention. The way in which a delegate shall express his dissent, whether by open protest at the time, or by withdrawing, or howsoever, is a matter for his own decision. The manner of dissenting is of no importance to those who deny the right to dissent.

A delegate, we repeat, will naturally yield to the will of the Convention in matters which it may rightfully determine. But no majority can rightfully take the place of his conscience. If it be said that parties could not be managed upon such principles, the conclusive reply is that nothing but such principles saves parties from becoming intolerable despotisms. No man could honorably belong to a party or sit in a Convention at the sacrifice of his moral freedom. And such renunciation would be an extraordinary assumption for a Republican Convention. Any other view than this of the position of a delegate is untenable. No majority under any circumstances can make it right for a man to do what he holds to be wrong; and it is the height of nonsense to suppose that a man who confers with others to prevent a wrong is bound to acquiesce, if the others succeed in doing the wrong. It is a comical proposition that every Republican is at liberty to bolt a nomination which he holds to be unfit except those who earnestly seek to prevent it. These are views that we have often stated, and upon which we have always acted, and which can not be repudiated by any man who wishes that a party Convention shall be a council of free men. Personal preferences such men will always surrender. But they will never surrender fidelity to their own consciences; and if such surrender should be the price of a seat in a Convention, it would surely not be a seat of honor.

THE MEANING OF THE REVOLT.

The meeting of the Massachusetts Republicans and Independent voters who are unable to support Mr. Blaine was followed by a similar meeting in New York, which represented the same feeling and adopted substantially the same action. At both meetings resolutions were unanimously passed declaring the Chicago nominations to have been made in defiance of the reform sentiment of the country, and to represent political methods and principles which ought not to be approved. The resolutions also express the hope that the Democratic party will offer proper candidates to the country, and provide for committees to co-operate with each other, and to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying the purpose of the meetings into effect. The character and tone of both meetings were very significant. They were composed of citizens who have no grievances to avenge and no personal objects to seek, who are neither soreheads nor aspirants, but men who believe that political honesty is the best political policy, and that when the chief reason for supporting an improper party nomination is that the party is not quite so bad as the other party, the time has come to call a halt.

It was interesting and significant at both meetings to observe that there was no foolish declamation or hasty action. The willingness expressed to support certain Democratic nominations was not a willingness to be merged in the Democratic party, nor a desire prematurely to move for the organization of a new party. There was no proposition to erect a platform, and there was a frank acknowledgment that the opponents of the Blaine nomination, outside of the Democratic party, differ upon many questions of public policy. The point upon which they all agree is that it is a gross public wrong to support for the Presidency any candidate whose public record is not stainless, or to uphold political methods which are debasing. As Mr. Moorfield Storey expressed it, tersely and clearly, "We are united to rebuke corrupt men and corrupt methods in politics."

For such a movement as the present Republican revolt this is a platform broad enough and strong enough. The movement of 1872, which was led by the New York *Tribune* against the Republican party and the renomination of General Grant, was justified by its leaders upon the ground of Republican recreancy to principle and the public welfare. But it was not alleged that the Republican candidate was himself implicated in questionable practices, however near to the executive chamber the trail of suspicion and of accusation may have reached. But now that the party has deliberately selected as its leader the one man among all possible candidates on whom the cloud of doubt rests, patriotic citizens may well feel that the party of moral ideas and of the national conscience is trifling with its own fame, and surrendering its strongest hold. A party must be judged by its acts and by its chosen representatives. How can it demand to be trusted as the guardian of the national honor and character when the character of its chosen leader does not defend itself?

A SMALL TRICK.

THE Chicago *Tribune* was so satisfied in 1876 by the evidence implicating Mr. BLAINE in various questionable railroad transactions that it labored earnestly and successfully to defeat his nomination. For some months it has been as earnestly endeavoring to promote his nomination, but it has been utterly unable to show any adequate reason whatever for its change of position. It now republishes an article from HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 13, 1876, to the effect that upon the statement then recently made by Mr. BLAINE, and upon evidence cited by him and "apparently conclusive," he was left, "in the absence of other evidence," unspotted.

The facts are these. In the early part of the year 1876, when Mr. BLAINE was planning to secure the nomination for the Presidency at Cincinnati, unpleasant rumors were rife of his railroad transactions, and on the 25th of April he made a statement in exculpation in the House, which was "apparently" conclusive. It was so accepted by the country, and the article in HARPER'S WEEKLY expresses the general feeling at the time. It was published before the investigation, and before the publication of the MULLIGAN letters. But the investigation, which began on the 15th of May, revealed the fact that Mr. BLAINE'S statements were inaccurate, and the publication of the letters, early in June, showed the use that he had made of his official position. This was the "other evidence," the absence of which made his refutation of the 25th of April "thorough," but the subsequent appearance of which made his statement no refutation whatever.

It is a singular fatuity which insists upon fixing public attention upon the MULLIGAN letters, and upon recalling a series of transactions the significance of which, however ardently repelled by many Republicans as incredible in the first moment of their disclosure, have become in the steady light of further knowledge fatal. Mr. JOHN S. C. HARRISON, of Indiana, a government director in the Union Pacific road, thought the transaction in regard to the seventy-five bonds in question unusual and suspicious. He moved for an investigation. Mr. HARRISON is apparently of opinion that Mr. BLAINE was not cleared, for he was a delegate to the late Chicago Convention, and has announced his intention not to support Mr. BLAINE. It is an incalculable misfortune for the Republican party to have nominated a candidate whose friends have not satisfactorily explained the transactions which the Chicago *Tribune* said eight years ago unfitted him for the Presidency.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

IT is perfectly well known that Governor CLEVELAND of New York is by far the strongest candidate that the Democrats could nominate for the Presidency, and there was naturally a great interest in the action of the New York Democratic Convention. Tammany is always a disturbing and doubtful element, and it is therefore always an open question how much the Convention will concede to Tammany. This year there was great skill in the management, and there was no apparent discord. The distribution of seats was made satisfactory, and every occasion of trouble was neatly shunned. The platform was ingenious. It referred the declaration of party principles to the National Convention, and it stated, in terms whose point is unmistakable to every Republican, "that no issue can be more important than the election of the President of the United States, whose character and public reputation shall give to the whole people assurance of an honest, impartial, and efficient administration of the laws, without suspicion of personal ends or private interests."

The Convention selected the seventy-two delegates to the National Convention, and without submitting the name of a candidate, instructed the delegation to vote as a unit in accordance with the will of a majority. This is a system which ought not to be acknowledged, and which Republicans have disapproved. But it is sustained by hot partisans as securing the proper weight of the State in a Convention. The effect in this instance will be that seventy-two votes will be cast in the Convention for the candidate whom the majority of the seventy-two prefer. There is no New-Yorker upon whom that majority could probably agree except Governor CLEVELAND, and as we have said, and as is generally acknowledged, no other Democratic candidate could be so strong in New York. Tammany, indeed, would be again the doubtful quantity. But no Democratic candidate could be nominated for whom the support of Tammany could be assured. That support depends wholly upon Tammany's view of its own advantage on the day of election.

But Governor CLEVELAND'S candidacy would be not only the strongest for the Democrats, but very strong in itself. From what we have often said of his conduct as Governor, our readers will justly infer that it would give "assurance of an honest, impartial, and efficient administration of the laws, without suspicion of personal ends or private interests." Such feeling of opposition to him as exists in his party is most flattering and significant, because it springs from dislike of the official uprightness, courage, and independence which he has displayed. These are the very qualities which, in the absence of overpowering national issues, and when the chief public interest is that of administration, are most desirable in the Executive. Governor CLEVELAND has shown the power successfully to resist mere party pressure, and to administer his high trust without the least suspicion of personal motive, and with unswerving regard for the public welfare. He is, and we believe he has always been, a Democrat. But the qualities which enabled Republicans like SHERMAN S. ROGERS, of Buffalo, openly to support him in the State campaign of 1882 have been proved in the executive chamber, and show that Mr. ROGERS and the other Republicans who supported him were not mistaken in their estimate of the man.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

AFTER thirty-five years of absolute retirement from the world, during which his name has been seldom heard, CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN recently died at the age of seventy-eight. Fifty years ago he established the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and he was one of the most prominent of literary figures in New York. He had lost a leg, but that misfortune did not restrain his activity, and he was still, at great disadvantage, a sportsman, and those who remember him will readily recall the hearty, breezy, manly impression of his vigorous form and striking head.

He wrote novels and poetry and sketches, and of his songs, "Sparkling and bright in liquid light" is one of the best of bacchanals, and will live as long as any. Forty-five years ago he lived a gay, rollicking, half-Bohemian life in the city—a charming companion, and without stain. Nobody reads his novels now. His poems are forgotten, and his name has no significance to the new generation, to which the passing notice of his long seclusion will be more interesting than any of his writings.

During all these years he has lived in the insane retreat at Harrisburg, growing old in a mild derangement which did not prohibit his sauntering about the neighboring country. He is reported to have enjoyed this solitary freedom, his strong native tastes gratified by the beauty and the sounds and forms of nature. But he never emerged from the mental cloud, and his story is one of the most melancholy in our literary history.

THE COAST SURVEY.

THE proposition to transfer the Coast Survey service from the Treasury Department to the Navy Department is not a new one, and it is a bad one. The work of the Survey began in 1807, under the supervision of the Treasury. It proceeded irregularly and ineffectively until 1832, when Professor HASSLER, the original Superintendent, was re-appointed. In 1834 the Survey was transferred to the Navy Department, but two years later, in 1836, it was restored to the Treasury. In 1851, the Secretary of the Navy asked for its transfer again to his control, but after full and thorough discussion the request was not granted.

The transfer in 1834 resulted in failure. The work is one of scientific co-operation in the army, the navy, and the civil service, and it is for commercial purposes. It was justly thought, and the event has proved, that the co-operation could be best secured under a civil chief, and by eliminating questions of relative rank and of special privilege.

For forty-seven years the present system of superintendence has been found to be thoroughly efficient, economical, and satisfactory. The Survey employs as many naval officers as can be advantageously used in hydrography. To commit it entirely to the hands of the navy would be to train naval officers in duties not properly belonging to the naval service, and to intrust geodetic work to a department to which no European government commits such work. The civil staff, which affords play for generous emulation, is limited, and based strictly upon merit; and the combination with the military and naval forces has produced unequalled results. It would certainly seem that no change is advisable until some more satisfactory reason appears than has yet been assigned.

PERSONAL.

IT is believed in Holderness that if a man has a favorite dog, or if the dog is very fond of him, when the man dies his soul will go into the dog, and stay there until the dog dies.

—Professor LORIMER expresses his conviction that a generation of jurists who have had the courage to abandon the long-cherished distinction between law and equity will find their way back to the path of common-sense, by which the rest of mankind have been led to the fountain of nature. Too much to hope for.

—Dr. FRANCIS HUEFFER calls attention to the fact that the resplendent scenery of the south of Europe has left slight traces in the poetry of Southern nations, that the troubadours of Provence refer to blue skies and spring blossoms in the most conventional manner, and the great Italian poets of the Middle Ages were not lovers of nature any more than RAPHAEL and LEONARDO were landscape painters.

—Sir HENRY WOLFF, M.P., has told the members of the House of Commons that "decent" cigars can be bought for 9*s*. 6*d*. a hundred, or two cents apiece. The London *Times* informs its readers that "fair" cigars can be had for ninepence or a shilling apiece. Is not a "fair" cigar a "decent" one? Mr. LABOUCHERE, of the London *Truth*, announces that tobacco is "an absolute necessity of the human race."

—A Constantinople correspondent regrets that archæology as a science has no hold on the Turk, the very essence of whose teaching leads him to consider only the present, the future being in the hand of God, and the past being unprofitable. The Turkish law provides that all relics discovered in Turkish dominions, whether by authorized excavations or by chance, shall belong to the Imperial Museum of Constantinople, which institution has the right also to purchase at its own valuation any antiquity that may be imported from a foreign country, and to prohibit its re-exportation. All sorts of obstructions have been placed in the way of the shipment to America of sculptures dug out at Assos by the American expedition. It therefore makes one smile to learn that HAMDI Bey, the director of that museum, has expressed a wish to be aided in his work by the scholars and archæologists from Europe.

—The *Academy*, always friendly to Mr. HENRY IRVING, is nevertheless compelled to admit that his observations on this country, as recorded in Mr. JOSEPH HATTON'S book, do not aspire to the profundity of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER'S or Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S, even though "Mr. SPENCER crossed the Atlantic chiefly because he was not well, and Mr. ARNOLD chiefly because he wanted some American money." Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY "made friends with everybody, from Mr. VANDERBILT, with whom they and half New York would appear to have had a gigantic breakfast, to Mr. WARD BEECHER, who struck Mr. IRVING not only as an able man, but as a comedian and humorist of the first water, and to Mrs. WARD BEECHER, who, it seems, was a little chilly at first, but who thawed under the rays of Miss TERRY'S sunshine."

—The *St. James's Gazette* reminds the actor that he loses a chief source of strength when he is not a good listener on the stage, and asserts that it is only an actor, in a very genuine sense of the word, who can, by clever listening, suggest alertness and that mental engagement in the business of the scene which forms the foundation of all stage verisimilitude. The listener may support the scene as really, if not as prominently, as the "leading" man. "It can scarcely be disputed that actors have hitherto evinced a marked predilection for concerning themselves solely with the special characteristics of their own parts; and the idea that an actor with a small speaking part may yet find great artistic opportunity as a listener, if not absolutely novel, may nevertheless be commended to the majority of young dramatic aspirants. In *Much Ado about Nothing* SHAKESPEARE puts into Benedick's mouth about a hundred and forty speeches, but he gives him no fewer than three hundred and fifty occasions for being interested in the speeches of other people."

—The latest biographer of St. PAUL writes picturesquely. In all history, he says, there is not a more startling illustration of the irony of human life than the scene of PAUL at the bar of NERO. On the judgment-seat, clad in the imperial purple, sat a man who in a bad world had attained the eminence of being the very worst and meanest being in it; a man stained with every crime, the murderer of his own mother, of his wives, and of his best benefactors; a man whose whole being was so steeped in every namable and unnamable vice that body and soul of him were nothing but a compound of mud and blood; and in the prisoner's dock stood the best man the world possessed, his hair whitened with labors for the good of men and the glory of God. The trial ended; PAUL was condemned, and delivered over to the executioner. He was led out of the city with a crowd of the lowest rabble at his heels. The fatal spot was reached; he knelt beside the block; the headsman's axe gleamed in the sun and fell; and the head of the apostle of the world rolled down in the dust.

—A graduate of Dublin University, who has served a term as stenographic reporter for Parliament, and has written a text-book on short-hand, confesses that the difficulty of reading any kind of short-hand is an insuperable barrier to its general use, and that though he has worked with scores of short-hand reporters, he never knew one who could read his own notes with the facility of common writing. Moreover, it would not be well for short-hand writing to become general, since the necessity of writing words slowly and laboriously in long-hand provides a sensible check on the volubility of writers. If short-hand could be set up as a common medium of communication, it would be more trouble to read it than to write it. A man might be inundated with correspondence in short-hand which would occupy a great part of his time to read, and eventually discover that most of it was not worth deciphering.

—Cheerfulness of body and mind, according to Professor BAIN, is best secured by diminishing the burdens of life rather than by increasing its supports or by the use of stimulants. Mind is not something elastic and inexhaustible, but every single throb of pleasure, every smart of pain, every purpose, thought, and imagination, must have its fixed quota of oxygen, carbon, and other materials. The ill-fed Highlander, the lazaroni of Naples who live on sixpence a week, and the lazy, half-starved Irishmen, though poorly supported, are all remarkable for cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, because in their case severe toil does not consume the forces of their constitution without leaving the remainder requisite for hilarity of tone.

—Professor BLACKIE has written a clever poem on "Female Beauty." After describing certain physical characteristics, he says:

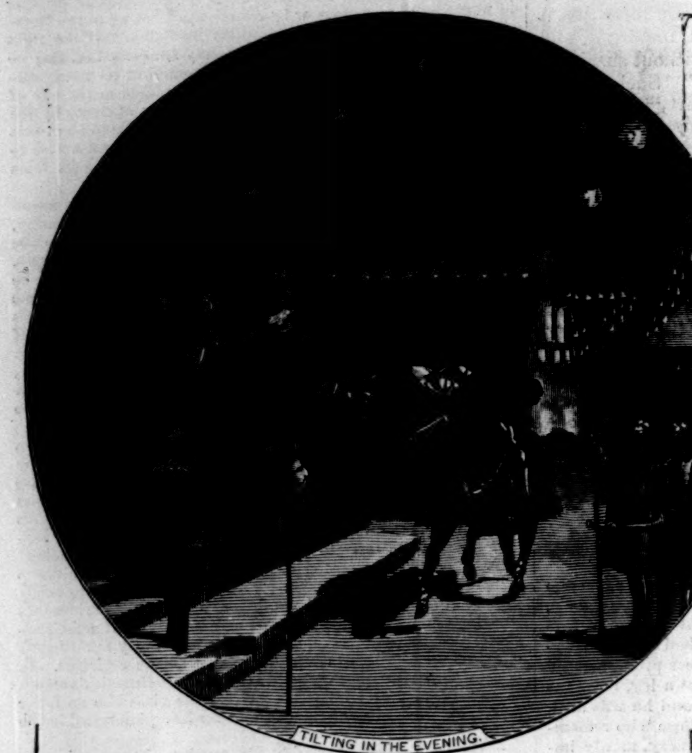
> "All these, fair maid may show—
> A faultless mould from tip to toe—
> Yet lack the one thing that makes woman,
> More than the daisy on the common,
> The one fair thing to mortals given
> To bridge the gap from earth to heaven—
> The inspiring soul that to a godlike grace
> Attunes each move, and spreads a glory o'er the face."

—A late writer can not understand why the game of chess is not more commonly popular: "It must call into action parts of the brain which are not occupied in other work, for we find it a relief after other labors, and it is never dull, stale, or *passé*."

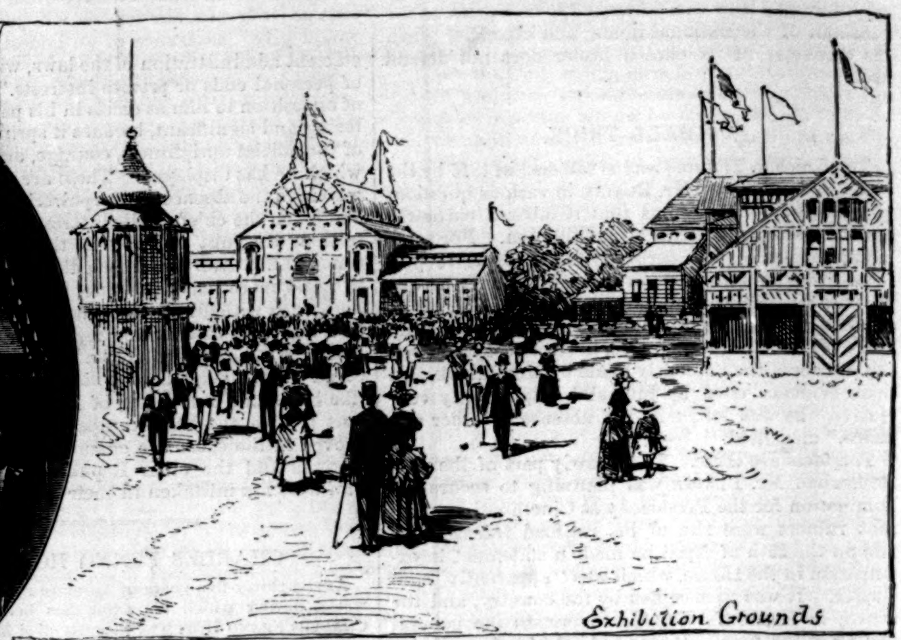
—Poets have often expressed a wish to be the necklace, the ear-ring, the girdle, or the glove of a woman, but it has been reserved for a theological historian, M. ERNEST RENAN, to record a desire to be a missal, which is "lovingly read in the hours of meditation and solitude, which enjoys the inestimable privilege of riveting the undivided gaze of a woman at the moment that she believes herself alone with her Creator, and which so many choice beings press with a fervent hand and sometimes bear to their lips. My highest ambition would be satisfied if I could hope, upon my death, to enter the Church under the form of a little volume, bound in black morocco, to be held between the long tapering fingers of a finely gloved hand." Only an educated Frenchman could have expressed this wish without seeming to be silly.

—Mr. and Mrs. WILL CARLETON sailed for Europe last week in the *Servia*. It is their intention to remain abroad several months, and to make a quite extensive tour of England and the Continent. Mr. CARLETON will devote much attention to the folk-lore of the Old World, with a view to the collection of material for another series of popular ballads.

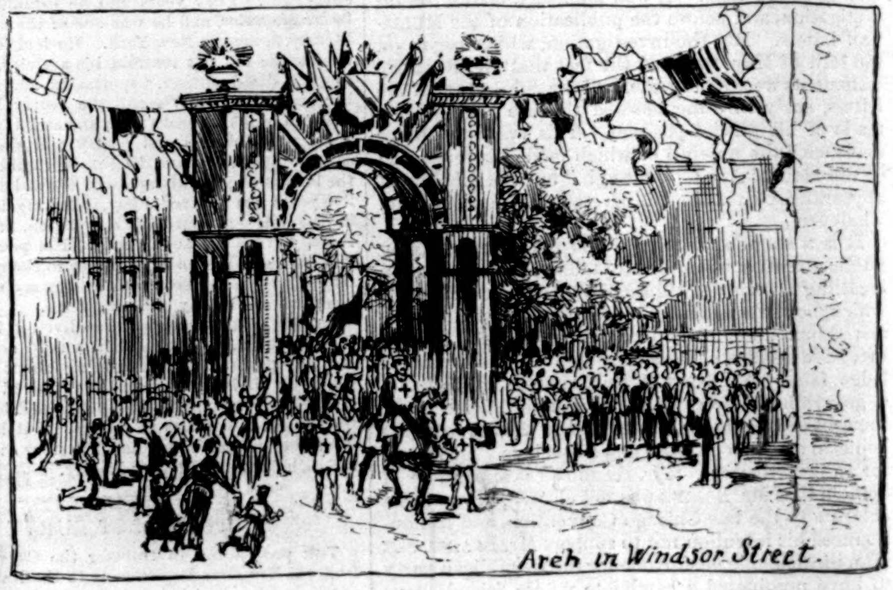
—A brave soldier, a skillful officer, and accomplished scholar was buried last week in Washington, D. C., in the presence of a distinguished professional escort. Major-General HENRY W. BENHAM, U.S.A., was the seventh in descent from the famous JOHN BENHAM, one of the seventy heads of families who settled at New Haven, Connecticut. He graduated at the Military Academy in 1837 at the head of his class, and the prestige so acquired he faithfully maintained, not only in the Mexican war, where his gallantry brought him wounds and a brevet, but also in the war for the Union, where he captured Fort Pulaski, brilliantly co-operated in the taking of Petersburg, and was three times brevetted. He united to the scientific attainments of an engineer the physical energy and dash of a line officer. He was generous to his friends, just to his enemies, and absolutely without fear.



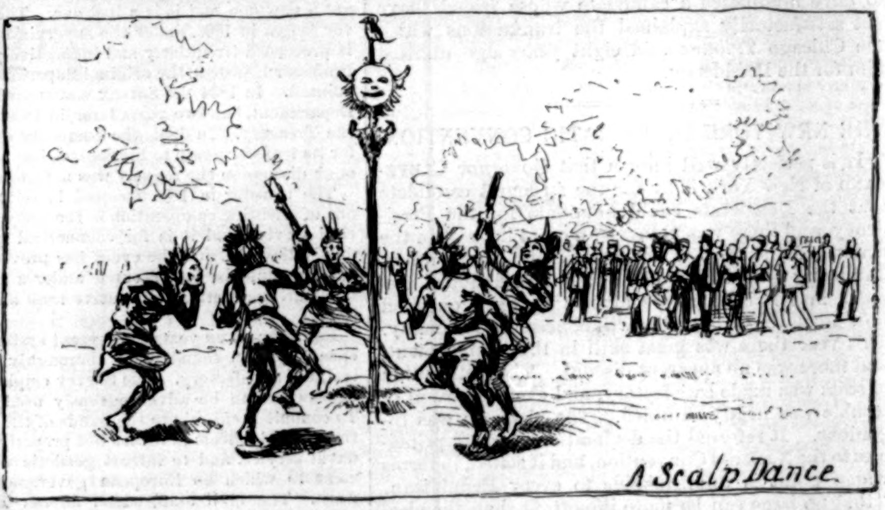
TILTING IN THE EVENING.



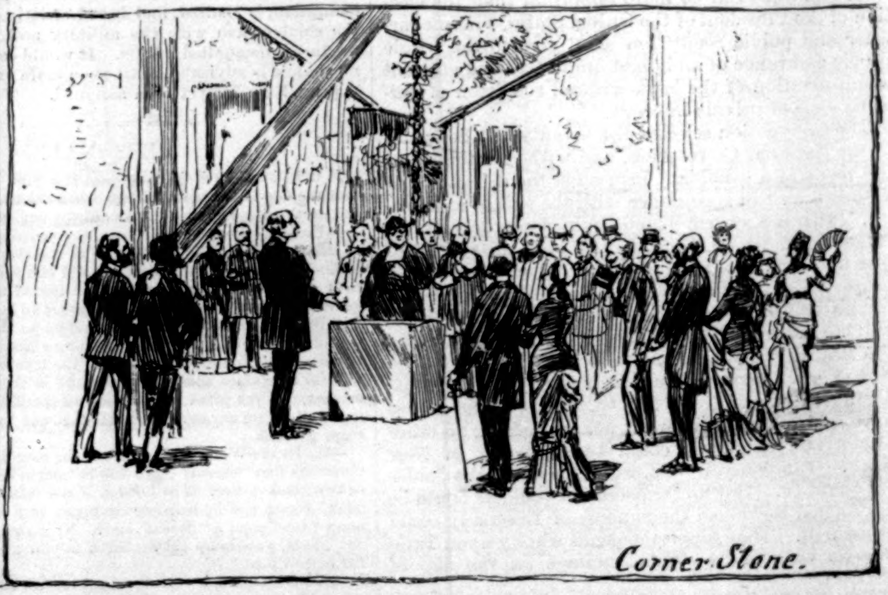
Exhibition Grounds



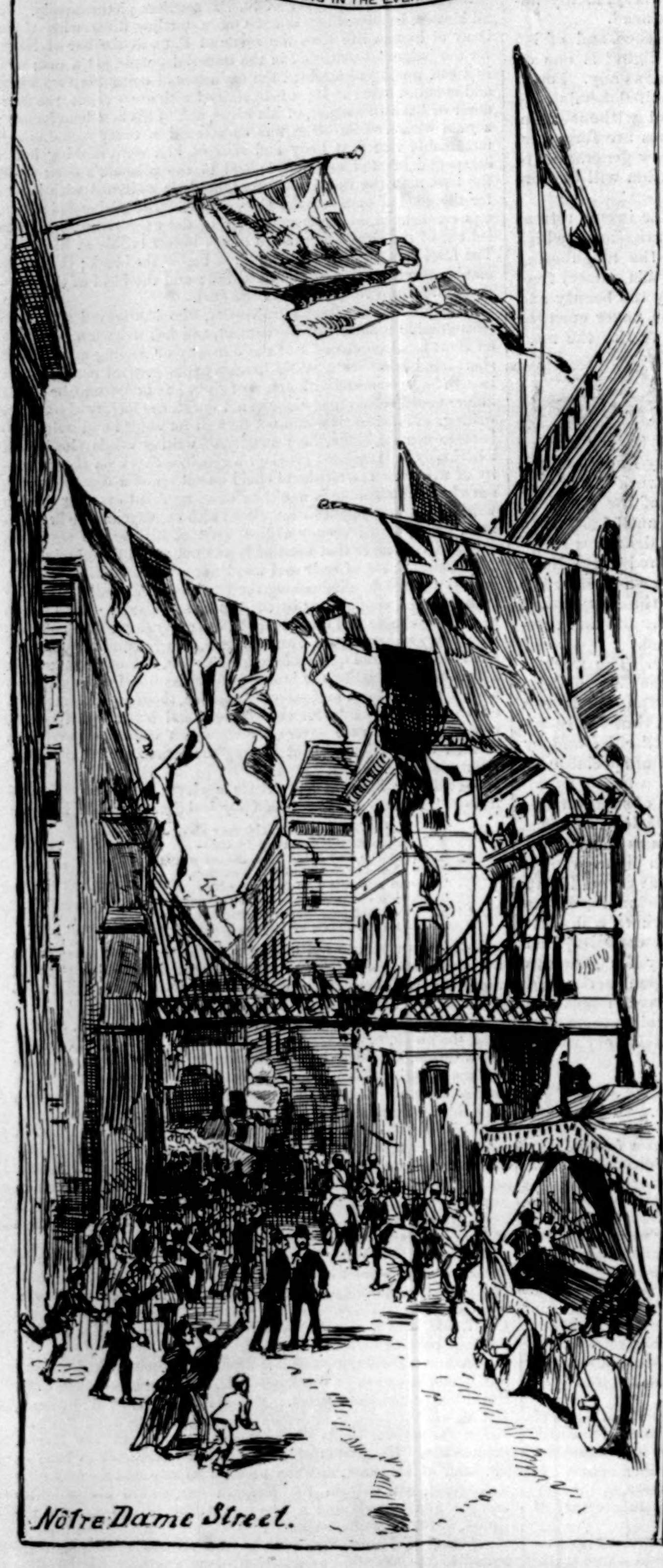
Arch in Windsor Street.



A Scalp Dance.

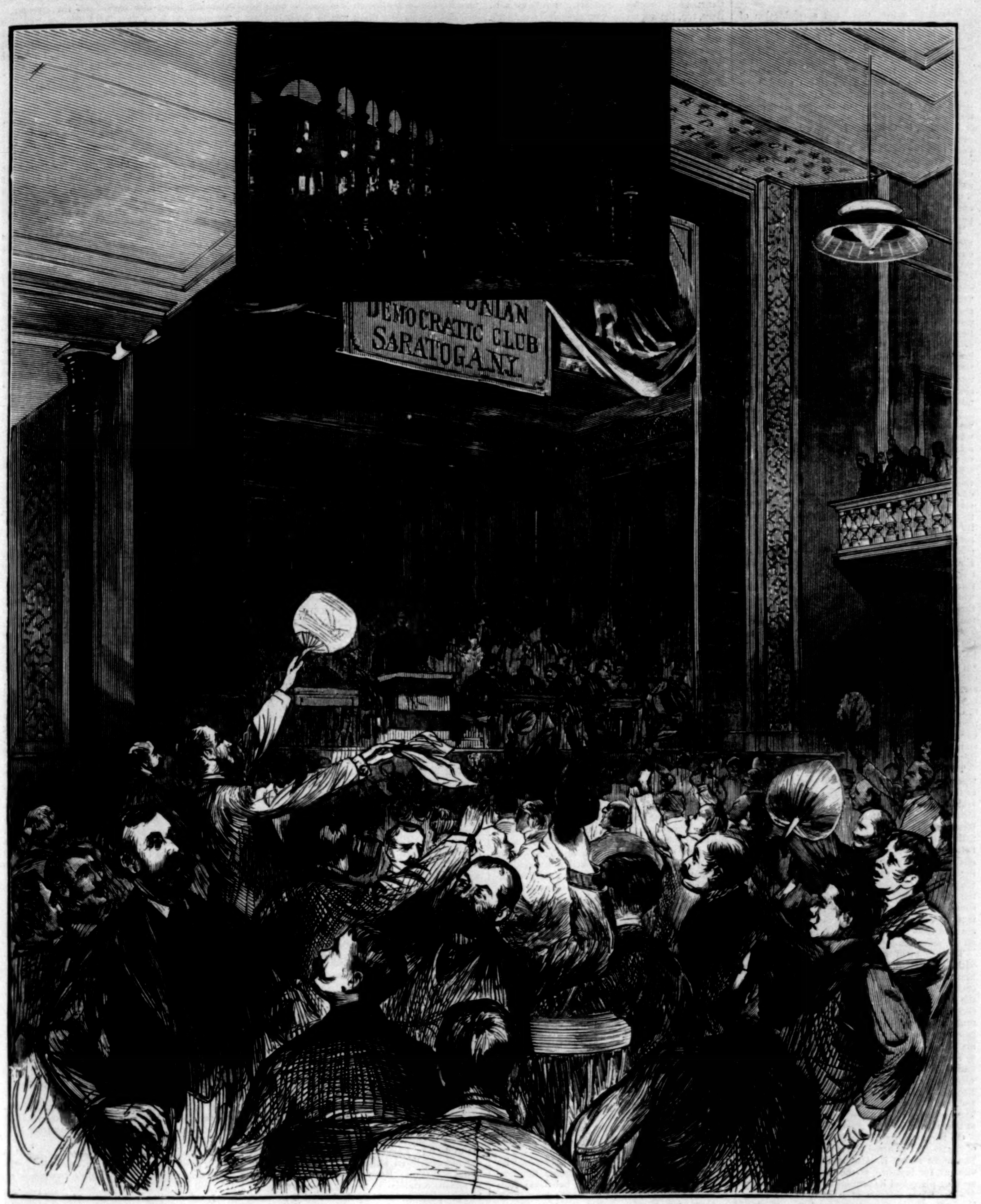


Corner Stone.



Notre Dame Street.

THE MONTREAL FESTIVAL.—From Sketches by W. Chippendale.—[See Page 410.]



THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION AT SARATOGA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 407.]

THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

The boomerang used by the natives of Australia is a piece of thin wood about an inch and a half wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and perhaps twenty inches long; its shape varies, sometimes being like the segment of a circle, at others like a man's arm bent at the elbow, but the way of using both these forms is exactly the same.

The weapon is grasped at one end in the right hand, with the concave side uppermost, and the black man takes a run, such as the ordinary cricketer does when he is throwing a ball. On a sudden he stops, and away flies the boomerang, not straight, as one might suppose, but revolving on its own axis so quickly that in the air it looks like a circular piece of board; this motion gives it the wonderful power of flight, which must really be seen to be believed. At first the course is in a direct line from the thrower, and at such a height as he may require, but as it draws toward the limit of its distance it swerves slightly to the right, and making a semicircle, turns toward its owner, coming back on an exactly opposite course to that which it took on the outward journey, generally falling within a few feet of the thrower. During the flight the revolving of the boomerang causes a peculiar purring sound, not unlike the hum of a top.

LA CLAQUE.

In French provincial theatres the *claque* is not a recognized institution. Here the curious custom prevails of allowing, and even inviting, the audience at the beginning of each season to express its approbation or disapprobation of the actors or actresses who come before them the first time. Each has three so-called débuts in three different parts; and they are engaged permanently or dismissed according as they please or displease. The existence of a hired *claque* on such occasions would, of course, be intolerable. A Frenchman is said to have taken out a patent for an applauding machine, an instrument of wood, which is worked behind the scenes, and which imitates perfectly the noise made by the stamping of sticks on the floor of the pit. There is very little novelty in the idea, which was originally put forward by Addison in the *Spectator*. The instrument of applause mentioned by Addison was simply, however, an oaken cudgel, which the man who wielded it beat violently against the panels of the galleries. Like the French *claqueurs*, he does not seem to have received any salary. But Addison tells us that when, in consequence of his vigorous exertions, the gallery furniture needed repairing, the actors vied with one another in their eagerness to pay the cost.

THE MONTREAL FÊTE.

Montreal enjoys this week a celebration of an almost unique character upon this continent. It is of five days' duration. It embraces, during these five days, a series of horse, bicycle, foot, and canoe races, swimming matches, picnics, excursions upon the river, procession of steamboats, besides all those other sports which have by common consent been termed Canadian. Thus there are on foot one or two grand lacrosse matches by the most dexterous players, French and Indian, in Canada. Lacrosse is an almost historic game, and being of Indian origin, goes back into the very early days of the colony's history. The artist has given a very effective sketch of what is even more purely local, and certainly as historical. We mean the Indian games, the war-dance of the savage, when in full costume and paint he throws the tomahawk thrown to purpose so deadly by his ancestors.

Every year the 24th of June is peculiarly set apart by the French Canadians as a national holiday. But on this occasion they commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of a society, semi-religious, semi-patriotic, and wholly French—that of St. John the Baptist. Its founder, Duvernay, appears in effigy upon the official programme of the week's rejoicings. This is the primal object of this midsummer revel. But there is a secondary one, if secondary it can be called. No less than the forming of all the branches of the St. John Baptist Society, scattered throughout Canada and the United States, into one federal government, of which the head shall be in Montreal, while each branch shall retain its separate organization.

To facilitate the annual assembly of their vast body, it is proposed to erect a National Hall wherein the Congress shall in future meet. The artist represents the laying of the corner-stone of this new edifice, which took place on the afternoon of the second day. The speeches upon this occasion, by the first Canadian orators, are of course appropriate to the circumstances. No race upon this continent has better retained its historical character and preserved its individuality than the French Canadian. Surrounded by people of various nationalities, alien to it in language as in religion, this sturdy offshoot of France is in many respects what it was in the days of Louis le Grand. Its career is therefore deserving of close attention, and any event which brings this people together, and displays their forces in a special manner, is of interest to the student of history, as to the student of ethics. Their success in eloquence as in literature, during the last century in particular, is almost without a parallel. But that in spite of intellectual advancement and genuine sympathy with the true culture of the day, the Canadians cling with reverence and respect to the old traditions of their race, is evident from the tone and manner of their celebration. We had almost said it was mediæval in its character. At least it points backward, with a curious pride and an indescribable fondness for the martial character of this people's ancestry.

The formal opening of the week's proceedings was a solemn Grand Mass upon what are known as the Exhibition Grounds. The Bishop of Montreal conducted the ceremony. The clergy and choristers were in attendance. Below the platform was the military guard of honor, the sixty-fifth battalion of infantry, as well as knights belonging to the cavalcade which we hereafter shall describe. Two thousand voices, representing almost every choir in the city, sang during the services, together with a full orchestra. At the more solemn parts, usually announced by sound of bell, there was heard first a flourish of trumpets, second a discharge of musketry, third a salute from the battery placed, for the occasion, on the mountain-top.

The evening of the first day the city was ablaze with illumination. There was a meeting, too, the first meeting of the National Congress. At the session in St. Mary's Academic Hall, belonging to the Jesuit College, the president, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, took the chair. He is of foremost rank as a politician, orator, and writer. Delegates are present even from Dakota, from California itself. Such enthusiasm, such patriotism, and so French in its expression. Every heart was stirred, every pulse beats, *la France et la chère Canada.* I do not say that loyalty to Mother England was forgotten, but the other is an older and, might one venture to hint, a deeper love. There is no Canadian whose eye does not brighten at that magic name, *la France.*

On the morning of the 25th the grand event of the festival occurred, the triumphal procession. The artist shows it at more than one point of view, as, for instance, at the Champ de Mars, its meeting-place and its terminus. He gives a very life-like representation of it as it passes along Notre Dame Street under one of the grandest arches. The shops on either side were gay with flags and evergreens, and as the French element predominates in that quarter of the city, the passage of the procession was a perfect ovation.

The great feature of the pageant is the historical cavalcade. It represents, as seen in the drawing, Louis IX. of France setting out for the Seventh Crusade. He is preceded by heralds-at-arms in gorgeous trappings, and attended by lackeys and pages in all the scarlet and gold-lace that gave splendor to mediæval France. The knights are ablaze with burnished armor; Louis rides upon a horse superbly caparisoned. He has just received the oriflamme at St. Denis, and goes forth to the Sacred Wars. It is a dream of ancient France in this bustling, commercial Montreal. No expense was spared on the costumes. They are very appropriate, and really extremely handsome.

Another feature of the procession is the historical cars. As they relate exclusively to the history of Canada, they are most interesting. One car contains a representation of Jacques Cartier receiving his commission from Francis I. Here, too, the apparel is very splendid, and there is a certain dignity in the pose of the figures quite impressive. Another car is devoted to Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and the sturdy old pilot of many seas is rivalled by the grace of the knightly Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal. Another represents the first house built in Canada; yet another, Dollard and his companions, as heroic a band as the annals of any country can show. De Salaberry, the Leonidas of Canada, with his far-famed voltigeurs, occupies one of the final cars, while Duvernay and St. John Baptist come each in turn to remind Canadians of the dual objects of their festival. An Indian wigwam is excellently carried out, and surely has a place in a city once trembling "from dawn till dewy night" for terror of the Huron and the Iroquois. The St. John Baptist Society in its full force of course composes the main body of the procession.

Each evening the heralds-at-arms ride out through the city, proclaiming the coming sports, and inviting all to the revels.

In one of the illustrations the artist gives the knights tilting at the ring, or rather at the moment when the successful champion is saluting the ladies upon the grand stand. The tournament has its place among the week's festivities. It embraces the tilting at the ring, and the quintain, a chivalric sport which is perhaps less familiar to most readers, and may be thus described: There is a revolving wooden manikin, the point of attack for the cavaliers. Each in turn rides toward him, striking him full force with his lance; if the thrust fails, the manikin revolves and deals his assailant a blow. The tournament is held at the Exhibition Grounds, the latter being shown by the artist in the illustration with its various buildings upon it. The most prominent French ladies of Montreal distribute the prizes to the tourney's victors.

At the meetings of the National Congress, held every evening in the week, the public are having a rare treat. Canadian orators of all shades of politics are setting forth their views upon the moral, intellectual, and religious advancement of the French-Canadian race.

But the grand banquet held at the Windsor Hotel displays at once every star in the galaxy of eloquence. The toasts are to the Queen and to England, to the neighboring republic and to France—that France which, as we have already said, is so dear to Canadians—and to the ladies, and to literature, and to poetry. Mr. Frechette, the Canadian poet laureate, composed a poem for the occasion, and the golden-tongued Secretary of State, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, may be mentioned as a specimen of the speakers. A touching sight is the appearance at this fiftieth anniversary dinner of ten of those who took part in the first banquet, held in 1834, on the foundation of the society. One of these was then but a boy of seven, who was called upon to sing a song. He is now a priest. Others were middle-aged men, old and decrepit now.

Soon the last sound of the heralds' trumpets will have died upon our ears, this mediæval pageant will have vanished, and it will leave upon our minds the impression that a sunset gorgeous in form and color leaves. But new links shall have been formed among the branches of a powerful organization, and the greatest reunion of a scattered race ever seen on this continent shall have come and gone, leaving its traces only in the memories that have been evoked, the prejudices eliminated, the sympathy extended to this offshoot of the Celtic tree by their fellow-citizens, and the foundation of a federal assembly that shall bring the expatriated children of New France from the remotest portions of the United States, and in Canada from the far Northwest, to rejoice not only in their own union and strength, but to pay each his tribute of individual worth to whatever country or city may be his by adoption.

Anna T. Sadlier.

PERCHÈ?

Just a little letter which mamma's maid Romilda slips into my hand as she stands beside me, and tells me that mamma wishes to see me in her dressing-room—a little letter over which my fingers close greedily, while the color rushes hotly to my face, for I know that it is from Benedetto, and that the eyes of my brother's wife are fixed watchfully upon me.

"You must be very nervous, Laura, to blush so violently because mamma desires to see you," she says, coldly (she is English, like my mother, and her nature is ice itself).

"The signorina has cause to be nervous, with all these balls and *festas,*" interposes Romilda, who, having nursed us all from babyhood, feels herself privileged to speak whenever she chooses, and who has been my warmest friend and defender ever since I, the youngest of her nurslings, first laid my baby head on her broad breast.

Confident that she will satisfy Mary's chilly curiosity as she pleases, I leave the salon, and rush along the corridor to my own little room, the smallest, coziest room in the palazzo, being only a corner of the loggia walled up, with one wide, many-paned window overlooking our beautiful, ill-kept garden. My letter is just a scrap of paper with one line written on it, and neither address nor signature.

"If you love me, *anima mia,* meet me to-night without fail."

If I love him! I am a foolish little girl, fond of costumes and festas and dancing, but I love him—love him so well that I shudder sometimes to think how terrible a thing it is to love one of God's creatures so much better than Himself and all the rest of His fair world. I kiss the paper, and then I tear it into tiny pieces, and let them float away through the open window, for I dare not keep even one little word of my lover's letters, for Benedetto Rucelli is as poor as he is noble, and my parents think wealth the only attribute worthy the hand of a Ricasoli. I do not stay to watch the sweet, rose-scented breeze scatter the fragments of my letter, for I must not keep mamma waiting. She is lying on a sofa in her dressing-room, with a cup of coffee in her hand, and when I have kissed her she looks up into my face with those penetrating eyes of hers, and says, gently (I never knew my mother to speak loudly, though she can say more cruel things than my father in his most violent anger):

"Laura, there is to be a *musicale* at the Benvenuto's this evening, and I have promised that you shall sing. You would do well to practice two of your favorite songs for an hour or two."

She looks away, and slowly finishes her coffee, while I sit watching her mutely, my heart sinking heavily, and such an oppression in my throat! Mamma, being English, takes me always out in society with her, and I know that I must go to this *musicale;* for even my father never rebels against mamma's decisions, and I dare not utter a desire to remain at home, for fear that I should excite suspicion in her who is so easily suspicious, and yet— Oh, Benedetto, who will wait so eagerly under the orange-trees in the garden, how can I sing if I know that you are waiting there in vain?

"You need not wait, child," mamma says presently, putting down her coffee-cup and taking up an account-book. She is such a practical, clever woman, and has done wonders, all the five-and-twenty years of her married life, to keep our proud heads above the deluge of debt in which we Ricasolis have struggled for generations. "Tell Romilda that you are to wear white."

So I go to Romilda, not to tell her that I am to wear white to-night, but to fling myself down, with my head on her knees, crying out all my trouble there, as I have done ever since I can remember. When my grief is told I kneel on, while her hard brown hand wanders over my hair; and I am not quite hopeless, for I am sure that Romilda is plotting, and what she plots rarely fails.

"Spoil not thy pretty eyes, *carina,*" she says presently, lifting me to my feet, and smiling her shrewd, kindly smile; "only be thou in the garden after thou hast dressed for this festa, and I will see that Pipo has not the carriage ready until after ten o'clock."

It is not dark until nine this lovely June weather, and it is past that hour when I, gathering my white dress up from the dew-laden grass, steal softly across the terrace behind the palazzo, and into the garden. It is very dark here, for the moon is not yet risen, and through the overhanging orange-trees the stars look very far away; but I am glad of the darkness, and not afraid of anything, except that by some mischance Romilda may be obliged to call me before Benedetto comes: I am not much afraid even of that, for this is his hour, and he is too careful of me, too anxious about the risk of discovery, to keep me waiting here alone. I seat myself on a stone bench, and look up at the stars I love, because it is they who see us most often together. Presently I hear a little scramble on the high garden wall, then a light fall, and then— What is darkness or the danger of discovery to me, clasped close in my lover's arms? We are not given to much talking in the brief hours we spend together, for he is always very silent for an Italian; and though I chatter like a magpie to the rest of the world, with him I am too content for words. But to-night he speaks hurriedly and brokenly, holding my hands so tightly that they ache in his strong grasp.

"Love, do you love me? Yes, I know you do, sweetly and tenderly, as women love their first loves; but is it a love that will live through parting and absence, for months and perhaps for years, with no joy but your own faithfulness and your belief in mine?"

"You will not leave me?" I gasp, the bitterest terror I have ever known chilling my heart, as I try vainly to see his face in the darkness.

"We are discovered, Laura. Do not tremble so, *carina*"—his voice taking the caressing tone I know so well. "I do not mean that any one knows of our meeting here; but some one has discovered that we love each other, for I have been ordered to Elba, and I am certain that it is through your father's influence. Nay, my blessed one, if you weep so bitterly how can I tell you that, after all, this may be good news, if only we are true to each other? Be brave, *anima mia,* and listen."

What is there that I would not do if he told me to do it? I smother the sobs that are choking me, and listen while he tells me all that he hopes and fears. He must go to Elba to-morrow, to remain certainly six months, probably a year; but the purpose for which he is sent is the construction of some engineering work, and in such work lie his only means of earning distinction, promotion, and the dim, distant hope of such success as may enable him to ask me of my father with some chance of consent. I listen, and though the ache in my heart grows no less, yet, with my head on his breast and his voice in my ears, I can not be hopeless, I can not doubt the faithfulness of his love or my own. So, heart to heart and cheek to cheek, we swear to keep true and loyal the love we bear each other, even if we should meet no more on earth.

"Signorina! signorina!" comes the shrill voice of Romilda through the darkness, "art thou mad to linger thus in the dew?"

Very hurried and very silent is our parting, and presently I enter the salon, where my parents are waiting for the carriage, with a glow in my cheeks and a light in my eyes which make my father declare approvingly that his *bambina* is growing pretty. I am resolved to be brave, and bear myself with the cheerful courage which becomes one who knows that the truest heart in the world belongs to her, and that God in His good time will bring him back. All the evening at the *musicale* I am gay, and I sing so well that even mamma looks pleased. Only once, when the grand sweet voice of Countess Lowenstein swells out in a pathetic old German song, I astonish Count Benvenuto by a sudden sob.

> "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
> Das man vom liebsten was man hat,
> Muss scheiden, ja scheiden."

Three hundred and sixty-five dreary days and nights with that terrible sea between us, and nobody but Romilda to tell my trouble to! O God! how shall I ever bear it?"

I am to be married to-morrow. The trunks are all packed and locked, except the one in which my wedding dress is to be placed. Romilda has put my little room in something like order, and has left me, after a tender stroke of my hair and a husky "Cheer up, *carina.*"

I am alone, leaning out of the window, with a damp breeze fanning my hot cheeks, while I gaze up at a sky which is without stars, and almost as dark as my heart. It is all over—the struggle, the submission, the suspense, the despair—and I am to be married to-morrow. It is ten months since Benedetto went away, and though I have written him twice since the war began between my parents' will and mine, he has sent me neither word nor sign. Six weeks after he left, Count Benvenuto asked me in marriage, and being enormously rich, and of a name as ancient as my own, my parents resolved that I should marry him, and they have won their resolve. I am to marry him to-morrow. Eight months is a long, long while for one weak girl to oppose her whole world, with only dead silence in answer to her appeals to the man for whom she suffers a persecution none the less cruel that all its cruelty is moral. They did not strike me, nor starve me, nor shut me up—only talked to me constantly of my duty while I was at home, and finally sent me to a convent *en retraite* for two months. It does not sound hard, but God knows (if He has time to know one miserable girl's heart) it was hard to bear. I am not a strong brave woman who can stand firm against reproaches and taunts, but only a poor weak child used to pleasantness and kindness; disapproval subdues me, coldness kills me, and when I lost faith in Benedetto the little strength I had failed me, and I yielded.

My father tells me that I shall be the happiest, wealthiest, most admired woman in Florence. My mother says that I have done wisely to prove that I am not pining for any faithless lover. Count Benvenuto assures me that he can trust to his own devotion to make me love him. And I— Ah, Benedetto! Benedetto!

I am married. It has been a long, weary day, of whose weariness I am too conscious to feel much else. Every one is gone but ourselves, and Count Benvenuto and I leave for Rome in two hours. Romilda, with dim eyes and trembling fingers, has dressed me for travelling, and now, because my head aches, they have let me come out to the garden for half an hour's solitude. Very still and sweet in the twilight, with the moon just coming up over the palazzo, and yet, oh, my garden! that have been the garden of paradise to me, you will never rest weary head or tired heart for me! I seat myself on that stone bench where my false love and I swore faith eternal to each other, and I close my eyes. Is he false? Have I been faithless? I am so tired of asking myself these questions, and yet I dare say I shall repeat them to myself so long as I live. There is a little scramble on the high stone wall, a light fall, and then I spring to my feet, and stand face to face with Benedetto Rucelli. He is terribly pale, and his eyes burn like a madman's as we stare at each other for an instant of silence, while he clasps both my hands in his.

"Are you true to me, as you swore to be, or are you false, as they have told me?"

His touch is hard, his voice is hoarse and faint, but they are his touch and his voice, and a wild, unreasoning rapture fills my heart.

"Oh, Benedetto, my love!" I cry, passionately kissing the hands which clasp mine so tightly.

"Am I indeed your love?" he says, huskily. "You are Laura Ricasoli still? It was a lie that you married Benvenuto to-day? Ah, my God!"

I have torn myself from his grasp, and have sunk on the bench, with my face hidden in my hands.

"It is so, then? Your love, poor weak child, was the thing of an hour. A little absence from your first lover, a few tender speeches from your second lover, and the story is told."

The deadly coldness in the low, slow words is harder to bear than wildest reproaches, and I cry: "I have been weak and faithless, but not false. Why did you not answer my letters?"

"Letters? I have seen no letters. I believed you true as the angels until, a week ago, I heard that you were to marry Benvenuto. They refused me leave; I resigned. They refused again; and then I forgot honor, pride—everything but you—and I deserted. I have travelled night and day in disguise, and I arrive here to find you are married."

"Kill me!" I cry, falling at his feet, and gazing up at him wildly. "Before God and all His blessed saints, I am not false. I love you—you—you. I would rather die than be Benvenuto's wife!"

He lifts me from the ground, madly kissing lips and cheeks and hair; then he draws me down beside him on the bench.

"See, my own," he whispers, taking something from his pocket. "Prove me now that your words are true. Will you live for Benvenuto, or die here with me?"

The moon is shining full on his white face, his gleaming eyes, and the bright blade of a knife.

"Kill me!" I murmur—"kill me, my poor love. I am not afraid!"

"Yes, I will kill you, and then I shall die with you in my arms! One sure, strong blow will not hurt, *carina.*" The shining blade is lifted, but as I gaze up in his eyes their look changes. "I am mad!" he says, faintly. "I can not—my little love—my brave true love!" The broken words cease suddenly, the knife slips from his hand, and his head sinks heavily on my breast.

God was very good to us, Padre Anselmo tells me, in saving my love from slaying himself and me, and he bids me live, that by prayer and fasting and good works I may win forgiveness for the soul which passed so suddenly to God. So I live. I am to be a nun, for even Count Benvenuto, even my mother, admit that I can be no man's wife now. I am to be a nun, and vow to God the heart which, while it beats, will hold only one human image.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SEA-BATHING FOR THE STRONG.

A HEALTHY person needs no preparation for sea baths: he only needs to use intelligent precautions and to get rid of unintelligent prejudices. A very injurious prejudice in this matter is that of the people who say, "Always cool off before going into the water." The truth of the case is exactly the reverse. The natural instinct in this matter may be safely followed by every healthy person, and the natural instinct is to go warm, not cold, into the water. You can not, indeed, be too warm, under any ordinary circumstances, for a bath in the summer streams or sea. Unless you are actually exhausted with fatigue, it is safer to enter cool water before "cooling off" than afterward; the more "cooling off" you permit yourself, the less you are in condition to resist and to enjoy the lower temperature of the water. The school-boy perspiring from his games, the workman from his labor, the colt racing in the summer pastures, know very well what is good for them when they plunge into the stream without waiting to "cool off."

Of course there are rational precautions which must be borne in mind. The water must not be too cold for comfort; the bather must not stay in too long. And how long is long enough?

The rule is that the swimmer must not overlook the first sensation of cold that comes over him, and sooner or later this sensation will come even to the stoutest swimmer. It will come the sooner with the weaker individual and with the colder water; it will come the later in proportion as the swimmer's own animal heat is abundant and the water is warm. The proper duration of a bath will thus vary indefinitely, according to the circumstances. In October, a cold north wind blowing, I have bathed in Lake Ontario when five minutes of it was enough and too much, and I have bathed on the sandy beaches of Hilo Harbor for five hours at a time, and in that warm blue water of the lava reefs five hours was none too long. I must add that after these beachcombing revels the backs of the young swimmers were commonly burned as red as boiled lobsters, and after blistering in due course the cuticle came away in hand-broad patches, like the casting of the skin of any other young creatures. But what draughts of strength and sunlight these young swimmers imbibed with that sea air and tropical sunlight!

The proper duration of a bath, then, is the resultant of three factors: the strength or vital heat of the individual bather, the amount of exercise he takes while in the water, whether by swimming or otherwise, and the temperature of the water itself. Of course no one can say beforehand, either for himself or another, how long any bath should last; but the practical rule is very simple, and I will repeat it: it is to leave the water before you begin to shiver; to stay longer is to take a certain amount of risk, which varies with the strength of the individual constitution. In proportion as one is active and expert in swimming will both the safe duration and the enjoyment of the bath be increased.

Swimming is a fatiguing exercise to those who are imperfectly practiced in it, or out of practice; but even to them, in moderation, it is strongly tonic. Nothing more promotes good sleep and good appetite. But when the accomplishment is well matured, and kept in hand from day to day, there is no better exercise. Skating in the winter and swimming in the summer are sufficient training to form the constitution and to make the athlete, and these are exercises that are available for a larger part of the world of young and vigorous persons than horseback-riding is, or even rowing.

Having pointed out one current fallacy about swimming, let me point out another. Every summer one may read in the journals some sapient advice to bathers, of which the formula usually runs pretty much as follows:

"*To Persons about to Drown.*—Retain your presence of mind as if you were in your own parlor. Throw yourself promptly on your back. Cease to struggle. Simply keep your nose out of the water, and breathe through your nose, and you will float, and presently some one will come and pull you ashore."

Now we all read this every summer, and perhaps some of us believe it. What are the facts?

1. The human body, fat or lean, is in nine cases out of ten heavier than fresh-water, so that you will infallibly go to the bottom in spite of your presence of mind, unless you can swim.

2. The human body is a little lighter than salt-water, and a person might float upon his back if he were provided with a tank or other perfectly smooth surface for the experiment. But—

3. Yachting accidents, shipwrecks, and other sea casualties do not usually occur in perfectly smooth water, and a person who should try this plan in salt-water in case of need could only float if the water was perfectly smooth, and if he held his nose accurately skyward. The least submersion of the face by the waves, and our floater is gone as hopelessly as if in fresh-water.

This question (recently discussed by a German scientist) I have repeatedly verified by experimenting on the floating and sinking qualifications of the human body. In many trials I have not found a single person who can float in fresh-water except during a full inspiration of air. Some experts, by taking very rapid and full inspirations, can keep afloat for a time in fresh-water, without moving hands or feet. But they sink promptly in making the ordinary respiratory movements. How much sooner would a person ignorant of swimming sink! No, there is no way of keeping afloat that is quite so good as knowing how to swim. The art is easiest learned in salt-water, for the reason I have pointed out. And whenever any one of my non-swimming readers comes across the conventional exhortation to retain his presence of mind and keep his nose out of water, let him use his presence of mind in going to a swimming school.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

MIND AND BODY.

SOME of the most remarkable results of an unusual mental stimulus upon the body have actually been induced by the lucid description of them in the bearing of the persons who became thus mysteriously affected. Lecturers on the practice of medicine in the universities and medical schools rarely, if ever, deliver a statutory course to their students without exemplifying the truth of the foregoing observation. The writer well remembers an instance in point, occurring in a classfellow of his own who attended the practice of physic class with him. During and after the description of skin diseases this student suffered extremely from skin irritation, induced by his too vivid realization of the symptoms described by the lecturer. These uncomfortable morbid feelings culminated one day when the lecturer described the symptoms of a certain disease supposed to possess a special sphere of distribution in the northern parts of Great Britain. For days afterward the student was tormented by an uncomfortable and persistent itching between the fingers, which no treatment seemed to alleviate, but which passed away when an eruption of a simple type appeared on his hands, the latter induced by no known cause, but apparently as the result of the morbid mental influences to which he was subject.

Not a session passes in the medical schools but the lecturer on physic has occasion to quiet the nervous fears of nervous students, who simulate in themselves the symptoms of heart-disease, and require the gravest assurances that their fears are ungrounded, and that they have simply been studying with a morbid interest the lecturer's remarks on heart affections. In his work entitled *De l'Imagination*, Demaugeon tells us that Nebelius, lecturing one day upon intermittent fever, and lucidly describing ague, noticed one of his pupils to become pale, to shiver, and to exhibit at last all the symptoms of ague. This lad was laid up for a considerable period with a true attack of the fever in question, and recovered under the usual treatment of the disease.

If, however, it is found that the influence of the mind and the vain imaginings of a morbid fancy may induce disease, it is no less certain that a like action of the mind may occasionally cure an otherwise stubborn malady. No better illustrations of such cases can be cited than those in which a severe fright relieves a condition which may have resisted every effort of treatment. An attack of toothache not unfrequently disappears when we seat ourselves in the dentist's chair. A severe attack of the gout has been cured by the alarm raised consequent upon the house of the patient being set on fire, whilst more than one case of severe pain has been cured by the patient ignorantly swallowing the paper on which the surgeon's prescription was written instead of the prescription itself.

OLD-TIME FISHING.

AMONG the ancient nations of the Old World fishing was well known, and the modes employed were not much dissimilar to those now used among the islanders of the Pacific. There was a great consumption of fish in ancient Egypt. The Israelites fondly regretted the fish of the Nile while they were in the desert. Nets like our seines, as well as hand-nets, were largely used, and may be seen represented on the monuments. Fish were caught also by hand lines, and by quaint short fishing-rods. It would almost seem from the representations of those who fished with the rods and with bronze hooks that this exercise was indulged in, as with us, for recreation, while the net was more used by professional fishermen.

Fish were also speared. Wilkinson gives an amusing illustration of an old gentleman fishing from a chair with as much nonchalance as a modern punt fisher on the Thames. The allusions of the Hebrew prophets to fishing, which Walton mentions, were due to their old knowledge of fishing in Egypt. A fish was in that country sacred to Athor, the Venus of the land, from its productiveness; and the same emblem of nature-worship is found almost universally through the religions of the East. Thus in Phœnicia the great diety was a fish-god, Dagon, represented on the gems as half man, half fish. The same symbolism may be seen in the sculptures of Nineveh. In conformity with their deity, the Phœnicians, besides being great traders, were also great fishers.

The fish is among the sacred creatures of India, along with the peacock and elephant, at the present day, and, as in ancient Egypt, certain castes are exclusively employed in fishing. With the Buddhists the sacred fish of legends attained a vast size, showing how the idea of divinity inherent in fish gradually developed and was transferred to physical qualities and size, as the purity of the original religion of Gotama Buddha declined. In the Buddhist sacred sea "there are fishes called Timinda, 2000 miles in size; Timingala, 3000 miles; and Timira Pingala, 5000 miles." As if this were not enough, four others are named, each 10,000 miles in size.

Nin, the eponymus of Ninus and Nineveh, was a fish god. At Nimrud and Koyunjik Assyrians are frequently represented fishing, either from the bank or while astride upon inflated skins. Oddly enough, although, in common with the Chaldeans and Egyptians, they must thus have known the use of bronze fish-hooks, they are never represented as using a fishing-rod.

A curious mode of fishing is mentioned by Herodotus in his account of the singular dwellers in pile houses over the lake Prasias, in Pœonia. These people opened a trap-door in the floors of their houses, and letting down an empty basket into the lake, speedily drew it up full of fishes, with which, he says, they fed their horses and beasts of burden.

It has often been noticed how sparse are the allusions to fishing in the Homeric poems. Naturally they would be out of place in the Iliad, so that only one reference is made in that poem to the fisher's craft. A hero having thrust his spear into an adversary, then drags him by it out of his chariot, "as when a man, sitting upon a projecting rock, drags a mighty fish from the sea to the shore with line and gleaming hook."

The procedure is more exactly described in the sister poem. Scylla drags from the ships of Odysseus six of his oarsmen, and lays them panting on her rocks before she devours them—

> "Just as when a fisherman on a jutting point with a very long rod, dropping down baits as a lure to little fish, casts into the sea a horn of the farm-yard ox, and then having caught them, snatches them out panting and lays them on dry land."

Here are a long salmon-like rod in the one instance, and a hook with a horn sheath over it to protect the bait either from crabs or from smaller fish, or (as Eustathius supposed) to keep the line from the bite of the fish itself; in the other the fishing seems to be done with a long line and no rod. In any case, at the dawn of Grecian literature the implements of the fisher's craft appear much the same as at present. Odysseus himself regarded fishing as a mean occupation. He had rather starve on the Egyptian shore than join his mariners, "who ever wandered round the island fishing with bent hooks." In another place Homer alludes casually to spearing fish, "joyless dainties," as if a fish diet itself were unpleasant. So Plato, in his ideal *Republic*, would not permit his guards to eat fish, observing that Homer shows us that when the heroes feasted on their expeditions, even at the Hellespont, they never ate fish or boiled meat, but only what was roasted. These views probably sprang from that old-world superstitious reverence which prompted the Egyptians to hold their fish, especially those of the Nile, sacred.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY.

IN proportion to its population, no other country has so long a mileage of well-made and well-kept post-roads as Norway, and this in spite of extraordinary natural difficulties. These roads are maintained, under government supervision, by the peasant proprietors of the land through which they pass. On all these roads at distances of seven to ten English miles are "stations," where horses and carriages, bed and board, are supplied on fixed terms. The government publishes every year a pocket hand-book stating the distances between each station and the charges payable. This hand-book has two good maps, one for the northern, the other for the southern half of the country. An English edition of this hand-book, revised for every season, is published, with detailed information concerning every station. As an example, I open the copy before me at random, and find that Aune, on the Dovrefjeld route, is an "excellent station. The longest beds on the whole route." The character of the accommodation, quality of provisions, etc., are similarly specified with stern impartiality for nearly a thousand stations.

These stations are farm-houses, some in their original and primitive condition, others with special buildings for the accommodation of travellers. The host is the owner of the house and of the land around, the place in many cases bearing his family name. Thus the Toftemoen station on the Dovrefjeld is owned by Tofte, a descendant of Harald Haarfager (the fair-haired), the first king of united Norway. The same family has held this farm since the days of the Vikings. In 1860, when King Charles XV. was on his way to be crowned at Trondhjem, he stopped to dine at this farm-house station. Tofte told the king that he need not unpack his plate, as he had enough of silver forks and spoons for the thirty or forty guests in his suite.

Not all the farmers are as rich as Tofte. Some are very poor, but all are proud; they expect to be treated with consideration by their guests, and know how to resent the insolence of travelling snobs who imagine that money can purchase servility everywhere. When properly treated, nothing can exceed their courteous hospitality. The number of horses which each station is bound to supply daily is defined, and every traveller enters on the "day-book" of the station how many he has taken. In the season there is commonly an excessive demand, and by mid-day the specified number is usually exhausted. Then the station-master may do as he pleases about supplying more. In the ordinary course he borrows from his neighbors, but if a swaggering snob becomes offensive, the farmer simply walks away to his work in the field, leaving the snob in a state of raving helplessness. If snobby is driving his own cariole, which some consider "the thing," he has no alternative but to put himself between the shafts and wheel it, barrow fashion, eight or nine miles, to the next station, or wait until the next morning. If he is hiring both horse and vehicle, he must shoulder his luggage and walk on. I have been told of six cases of cariole barrowing during one summer. Complaints were lodged at Christiania, inquiries made, and the verdict in every case was, "Sarve him right."

The cariole with its long shafts, low single seat between horse and axle, from which the driver is not thrown out even if the horse goes down on descending a steep hill, is still the national vehicle, but it is a mistake to suppose that there are no others. There is, in fact, one magnificent district of Norway (that around the great Justedals ice-fjeld) where the single cariole is unknown; it is replaced by the stolkjaerre, or chair-car, or chaise, always seated for two. Besides these, double carioles with seats for two are now to be had everywhere, and on the main road a variety of four-wheeled vehicles, even stage-coaches of the old English pattern, are running.

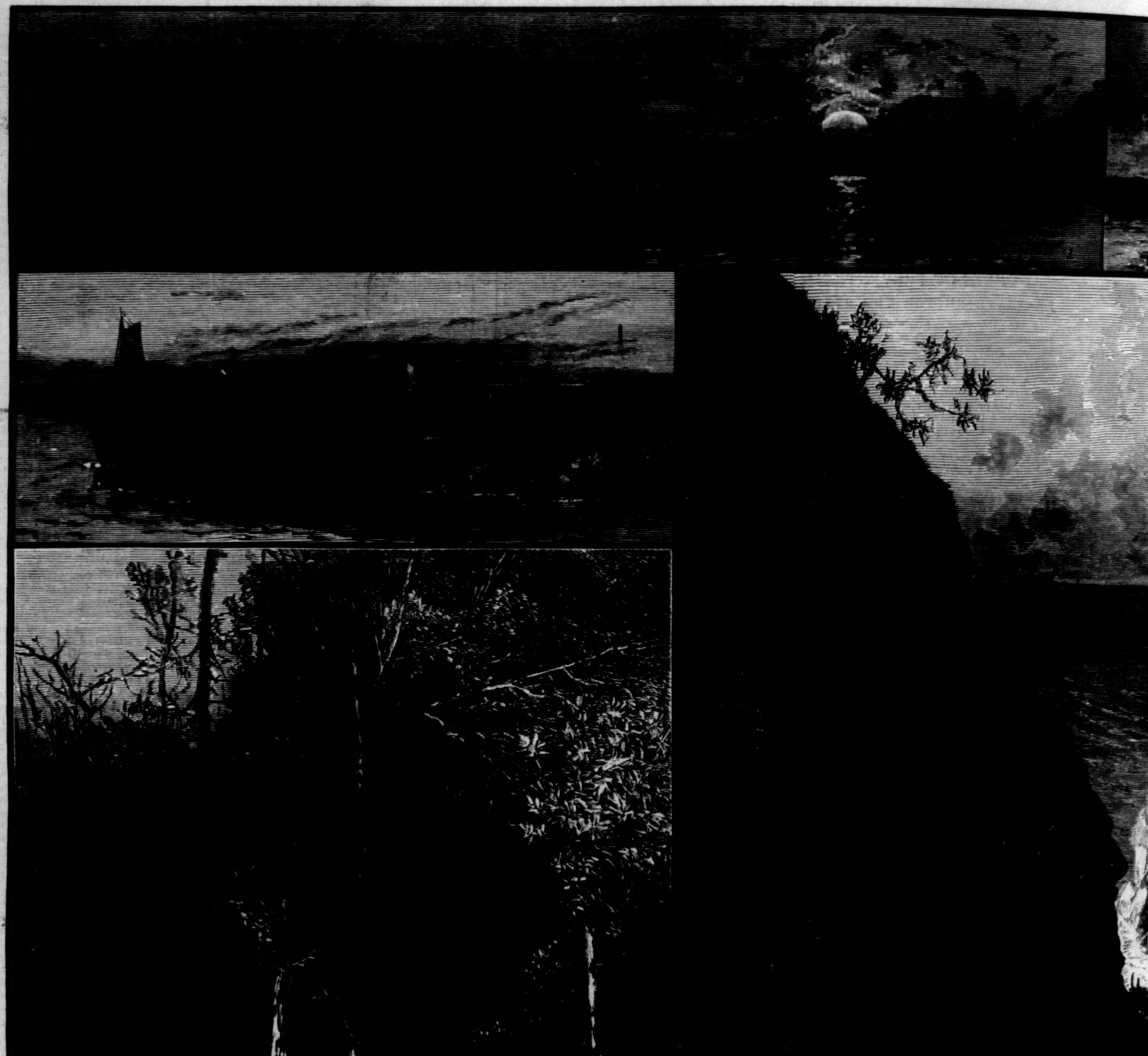
FANS.

BY whom fans were introduced into mediæval Europe—authorities differ on the subject—we have no precise means of telling. Some say that perhaps the Crusaders brought the fashion from the East; it is probable that the custom of using the fan never quite lapsed, but that it descended and spread until the belles of Spain and France came to consider their toilet incomplete if one of these favorite appendages was missing. The flabellum, known by the name of "emouchoir," was in use in France during the thirteenth century, but it was not employed in private life until the following century. Fans were made of lamels of ivory, and the circular kinds of rice straw, of silk, of cloth of gold or silver, and rich embroidery was lavished on these attractive luxuries. Queen Clémence had "a fly flap of broidered silk," and King Charles V. "a round folding fly trap in ivory, with the arms of France and Navarre, and a handle of ebony." Queen Louise de Lorraine received a gift from Queen Marguerite of a fan of mother-of-pearl, which was valued at more than twelve hundred crowns.

Spanish fans in the fifteenth century were circular, and composed of paper ornamented with feathers. Tufts of feathers attached to ivory handles were used in Italy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and were suspended from the girdle by a small chain. Italian fans were introduced into France by the perfumers who formed part of the retinue of Catherine de Medicis, and they soon became fashionable at court. That effeminate monarch Henry III., when he went into the forest with his falconers, carried a large fan to protect his delicate complexion from the heat of the sun's rays; but what less could be expected of a man who wore gloves and masks lined with cosmetics for the sake of improving his skin? Under Henry IV. fans were so much used as to become an important item in the trade of the country. Anne of Austria, in her turn, introduced Spanish fans that attained great popularity amongst French women, and those of scented wood came into vogue; but the fancy was only a transitory one, for they were surpassed in elegance and lightness by those made in France. The weathercock fans shaped like flags appertain especially to Italy; they were made of cloth of gold or some rich silken fabric. There is a portrait of Titian's wife in the Dresden Gallery which represents her with such a fan.

The remark that fans were the only presents which a sovereign could receive from a subject is attributed to Queen Elizabeth, but how she could reconcile such a speech, if she made it, with her acceptance of costly gifts at New-Year's-tide, is a mystery. But women have as much right to be fickle as men have to grumble, and probably the sight of the priceless articles that were showered upon her caused her to change her mind as to the propriety of receiving her subjects' offerings. She at her death owned twenty-seven fans—a meagre allowance enough, some of our modern belles may exclaim; but in those days, when fashions did not change so rapidly as they do now, it must have been accounted a goodly number. Here is a description of one given her by Francis Drake as a New-Year's present in 1589: "A ffanne of ffethers white and redd, the handle of gold, enameled with a half-moone garnished with sparks of dyamonds, and a few seede-perles on the one side having her Magestie's picture within it, and on the back side a device with a crow over it."

A letter dated 1595 informs us that "her Magestie is in very good health, and comes much abroad. Upon Thursday she dined at Kew, my Lord Keeper's [Sir John Packering] house. His intertainment for that meale was great and exceeding costly. At her first lighting she had a fine fanne, with a handle garnisht with diamonds." The Earl of Leicester's gift must have been superb: "A fanne of white fethers sett in a handell of golde; the one side thearof garnished with twoe very fayre emeralds, especially one, and fully garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and the backside and handell of lyke golde, garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and on each side a white beare and twoe perles hanging, a lyon ramping with a moseled beare at his foote." The Countess of Essex carried a fan at her trial. "She stood pale and trembling at the bar, and during the reading of the indictment covered her face with her fan." Catherine of Braganza brought the fashion of using large shading fans to England. Her Portuguese ladies-in-waiting, when they went out without their masks, shaded their faces from the heat of the sun with their fans.



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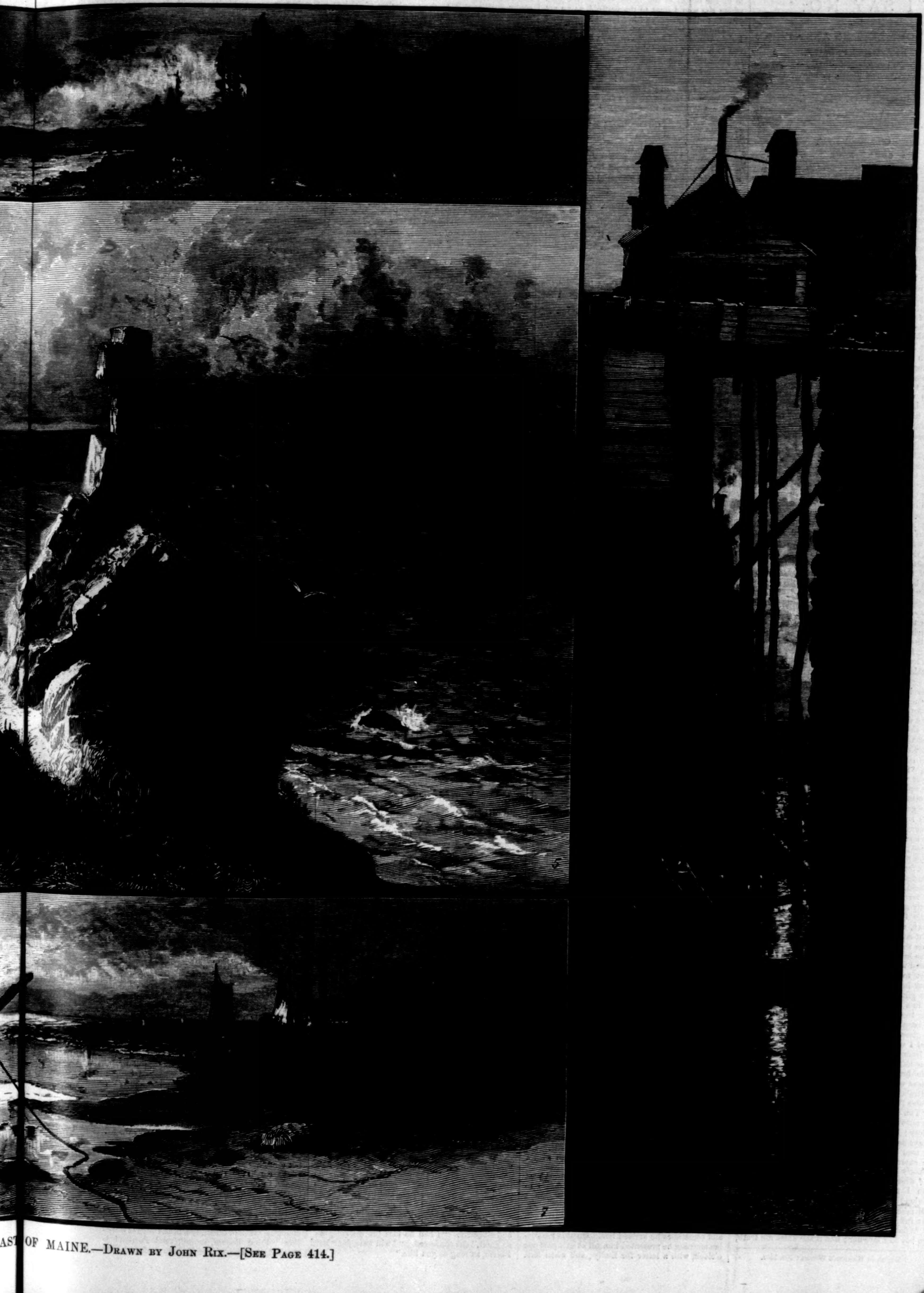

AST OF MAINE.—Drawn by John Rix.—[See Page 414.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CLINK.

CHAPTER LVII.

A COUNCIL OF TWO.

Early in the last century one of the picturesque race of robbers and murderers, practicing the vices of humanity on the border-lands watered by the river Tweed, built a tower of stone on the coast of Northumberland. He lived joyously in the perpetration of atrocities, and he died penitent, under the direction of his priest. Since that event he has figured in poems and pictures, and has been greatly admired by modern ladies and gentlemen, whom he would have outraged and robbed if he had been lucky enough to meet with them in the good old times.

His son succeeded him, and failed to profit by the paternal example: that is to say, he made the fatal mistake of fighting for other people instead of fighting for himself.

In the rebellion of 'Forty-five, this northern squire sided to serious purpose with Prince Charles and the Highlanders. He lost his head, and his children lost their inheritance. In the lapse of years the confiscated property fell into the hands of strangers, the last of whom (having a taste for the turf) discovered, in course of time, that he was in want of money. A retired merchant, named Delvin (originally of French extraction), took a liking to the wild situation, and purchased the tower. His wife—already in failing health—had been ordered by the doctors to live a quiet life by the sea. Her husband's death left her a rich and lonely widow; by day and night alike a prisoner in her room; wasted by disease, and having but two interests which reconciled her to life—writing poetry in the intervals of pain, and paying the debts of a reverend brother who succeeded in the pulpit, and prospered nowhere else.

In the later days of its life the tower had been greatly improved as a place of residence. The contrast was remarkable between the dreary gray outer walls and the luxuriously furnished rooms inside, rising by two at a time to the lofty eighth story of the building. Among the scattered populace of the country round, the tower was still known by the odd name given to it in the by-gone time—"The Clink." It had been so called (as was supposed) in allusion to the noise made by loose stones, washed backward and forward at certain times of the tide, in hollows of the rock on which the building stood.

On the evening of her arrival at Mrs. Delvin's retreat, Emily retired at an early hour, fatigued by her long journey. Mirabel had an opportunity of speaking with his sister privately in her own room.

"Send me away, Agatha, if I disturb you," he said, "and let me know when I can see you in the morning."

"My dear Miles, have you forgotten that I am never able to sleep in calm weather? My lullaby for years past has been the moaning of the great North Sea under my window. Listen! There is not a sound outside on this peaceful night. It is the right time of the tide, just now, and yet 'the clink' is not to be heard. Is the moon up?"

Mirabel opened the curtains. "The whole sky is one great abyss of black," he answered. "If I was superstitious, I should think that horrid darkness a bad omen for the future. Are you suffering, Agatha?"

"Not just now. I suppose I look sadly changed for the worse since you saw me last?"

But for the feverish brightness of her eyes, she would have looked like a corpse. Her wrinkled forehead, her hollow cheeks, her white lips, told their terrible tale of the suffering of years. The ghastly appearance of her face was heightened by the furnishing of the room. This doomed woman, dying slowly day by day, delighted in bright colors and sumptuous materials. The paper on the walls, the curtains, the carpet, presented the hues of the rainbow. She lay on a couch covered with purple silk, under draperies of green velvet to keep her warm. Rich lace hid her scanty hair, turning prematurely gray; brilliant rings glittered on her bony fingers. The room was in a blaze of light from lamps and candles. Even the wine at her side that kept her alive had been decanted into a bottle of lustrous Venetian glass. "My grave is open," she used to say, "and I want all these beautiful things to keep me from looking at it. I should die at once if I was left in the dark."

Her brother sat by the couch, thinking. "Shall I guess what is in your mind?" she asked.

Mirabel humored the caprice of the moment. "Guess!" he said.

"You want to know what I think of Emily," she answered. "Your letter told me you were in love; but I didn't believe your letter. I have always doubted whether you were capable of feeling true love—until I saw Emily. The moment she entered the room I knew that I had never properly appreciated my brother. You *are* in love with her, Miles; and you are a better man than I thought you. Does that express my opinion?"

Mirabel took her wasted hand, and kissed it gratefully.

"What a position I am in!" he said. "To love her as I love her; and if she knew the truth, to be the object of her horror—to be the man whom she would hunt to the scaffold, as an act of duty to the memory of her father!"

"You have left out the worst part of it," Mrs. Delvin reminded him. "You have bound yourself to help her to find the man. Your one hope of persuading her to become your wife rests on your success in finding him. And you are the man. There is your situation! You can't submit to it. How can you escape from it?"

"You are trying to frighten me, Agatha."

"I am trying to encourage you to face your position boldly."

"I am doing my best," Mirabel said, with sullen resignation. "Fortune has favored me so far. I have, really and truly, been unable to satisfy Emily by discovering Miss Jethro. She has left the place at which I saw her last—there is no trace to be found of her—and Emily knows it."

"And, now you are in the neighborhood, Emily expects you to discover Mrs. Rook. Suppose the woman has not got the employment which she heard of in Scotland? She may have returned to her late master's house since I wrote to you. You may meet her face to face, and she may recognize you."

"Not likely, Agatha."

"Why not?"

"Am I the man, with the short hair and the little half-whiskers, whom she remembers at the inn?"

"Who was it said, Miles, that the thing we never expect is the thing which generally happens? Be prepared for the thing you don't expect."

Mirabel shuddered. "I am surrounded by dangers whichever way I look," he said. "Do what I may, it turns out to be wrong. I was wrong, perhaps, when I brought Emily here."

"No."

"I could easily make an excuse," Mirabel persisted, "and take her back to London."

"And, for all you know to the contrary," his wiser sister replied, "Mrs. Rook may go to London, and you may take Emily back in time to receive her at the cottage. In every way you are safer in my old tower. And—don't forget—you have got my money to help you, if you want it. In my belief, Miles, you *will* want it."

"You are the dearest and best of sisters! What do you recommend me to do?"

"What you would have been obliged to do," Mrs. Delvin answered, "if you had remained in London. You must go to Redwood Hall to-morrow, as Emily has arranged it. If Mrs. Rook is not there, you must ask for her address in Scotland. If nobody knows the address, you must still bestir yourself in trying to find it. And when you do fall in with Mrs. Rook—"

"Well?"

"Take care, wherever it may be, that you see her privately."

Mirabel was alarmed. "Don't keep me in suspense," he burst out. "Tell me what you propose."

"Never mind what I propose to-night. Before I can tell you what I have in my mind I must know whether Mrs. Rook is in England or Scotland. Bring me that information to-morrow, and I shall have something to say to you. Hark! The wind is rising; the rain is falling. There is a chance of sleep for me—I shall soon hear the sea. Good-night."

"Good-night, dearest, and thank you again and again."

"One word more, Miles. Be on your guard with that old servant of Emily's. Mrs. Ellmother is no friend of yours; I saw her look at you."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE ACCIDENT AT BELFORD.

Early in the morning Mirabel set forth for Redwood Hall in one of the vehicles which Mrs. Delvin still kept at The Clink for the convenience of visitors. He returned soon after noon, having obtained information of the whereabouts of Mrs. Rook and her husband. When they had last been heard of they were at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. Whether they had or had not obtained the situation of which they were in search, neither Miss Redwood nor any one else at the Hall could tell.

In half an hour more another horse was harnessed, and Mirabel was on his way to the railway station at Belford, to follow Mrs. Rook, at Emily's urgent request. Before his departure he had an interview with his sister.

Mrs. Delvin was rich enough to believe implicitly in the power of money. Her method of extricating her brother from the serious difficulties that beset him was to make it worth the while of Mr. and Mrs. Rook to leave England. Their passage to America would be secretly paid, and they would take with them a letter of credit addressed to a banker in New York. If Mirabel failed to discover them after they had sailed, Emily could not blame his want of devotion to her interests. He understood this, but he remained desponding and irresolute even with the money in his hands. The one person who could rouse his courage and animate his hope was also the one person who must know nothing of what had passed between his sister and himself. He had no choice but to leave Emily without being cheered by her bright looks, invigorated by her inspiriting words. Mirabel went away on his doubtful errand with a heavy heart.

"The Clink" was so far from the nearest post town that the few letters usually addressed to the tower were delivered by private arrangement with a messenger. The man's punctuality depended on the convenience of his superiors employed at the office. Sometimes he arrived early, and sometimes he arrived late. On this particular morning he presented himself at half past one o'clock, with a letter for Emily; and when Mrs. Ellmother smartly reproved him for the delay, he coolly attributed it to the hospitality of friends whom he had met on the road.

The letter, directed to Emily at the cottage, had been forwarded from London by the person left in charge. It addressed her as, "Honored Miss." She turned at once to the end, and discovered the signature of Mrs. Rook!

"And Mr. Mirabel has gone," Emily exclaimed, "just when his presence is of the greatest importance to us!"

Shrewd Mrs. Ellmother suggested that it might be as well to read the letter first, and then to form an opinion.

Emily read it:

"Lasswade, near Edinburgh, *September 26th.*

"Honored Miss,—I take up my pen to bespeak your kind sympathy for my husband and myself; two old people thrown on the world again by the death of our excellent master. We are under a month's notice to leave Redwood Hall.

"Hearing of a situation at this place (also that our expenses would be paid if we applied personally), we got leave of absence, and made our application. The lady and her son are either the stingiest people that ever lived, or they have taken a dislike to me and my husband, and they make money a means of getting rid of us easily. Suffice it to say that we have refused to accept starvation wages, and that we are still out of place. It is just possible that you may have heard of something to suit us. So I write at once, knowing that good chances are often lost through needless delay.

"We stop at Belford on our way back to see some friends of my husband, and we hope to get to Redwood Hall in good time on the 28th. Would you please address me to care of Miss Redwood, in case you know of any good situation for which we could apply? Perhaps we may be driven to try our luck in London. In this case will you permit me to have the honor of presenting my respects, as I ventured to propose when I wrote to you a little time since?

"I beg to remain, Honored Miss,
"Your humble servant, R. Rook."

Emily handed the letter to Mrs. Ellmother. "Read it," she said, "and tell me what you think."

"I think you had better be careful."

"Careful of Mrs. Rook?"

"Yes—and careful of Mrs. Delvin too."

Emily was astonished. "Are you really speaking seriously?" she said. "Mrs. Delvin is a most interesting person; so patient under her sufferings; so kind, so clever; so interested in all that interests *me*. I shall take the letter to her at once, and ask her advice."

"Have your own way, miss. I don't like her; I don't like her."

Mrs. Delvin's devotion to the interests of her guest took even Emily by surprise. After reading Mrs. Rook's letter she rang the bell on her table in a frenzy of impatience. "My brother must be instantly recalled," she said. "Telegraph to him in your own name, telling him what has happened. He will find the message waiting for him at the end of his journey."

The groom, summoned by the bell, was ordered to saddle the third and last horse left in the stables; to take the telegram to Belford; and to wait there until the answer arrived.

"How far is it to Redwood Hall?" Emily asked, when the man had received his orders.

"Ten miles," Mrs. Delvin answered.

"How can I get there to-day?"

"My dear, you can't get there."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Delvin, I must get there."

"Pardon *me*. My brother represents you in this matter. Leave it to my brother."

The tone taken by Mirabel's sister was positive, to say the least of it. Emily thought of what her faithful old servant had said, and began to doubt her own discretion in so readily showing the letter. The mistake—if a mistake it was—had, however, been committed; and, wrong or right, she was not disposed to occupy the subordinate position which Mrs. Delvin had assigned to her.

"If you will look at Mrs. Rook's letter again," Emily replied, "you will see that I ought to answer it. She supposes I am in London."

"Do you propose to tell Mrs. Rook that you are in this house?" Mrs. Delvin asked.

"Certainly."

"You had better consult my brother before you take any responsibility on yourself."

Emily kept her temper. "Allow me to remind you," she said, "that Mr. Mirabel is not acquainted with Mrs. Rook, and that I am. If I speak to her personally, I can do much to assist the object of our inquiries before he returns. She is not an easy woman to deal with—"

"And therefore," Mrs. Delvin interposed, "the sort of person who requires careful handling by a man like my brother—a man of the world."

"The sort of person, as I venture to think," Emily persisted, "whom I ought to see with as little loss of time as possible."

Mrs. Delvin waited awhile before she replied. In her condition of health, anxiety was not easy to bear. Mrs. Rook's letter and Emily's obstinacy had seriously irritated her. But, like all persons of ability, she was capable, when there was serious occasion for it, of exerting self-control. She really liked and admired Emily; and, as the elder woman and the hostess, she set an example of forbearance and good-humor.

"It is out of my power to send you to Redwood Hall at once," she resumed. "The only one of my three horses now at your disposal is the horse which took my brother to the Hall this morning. A distance, there and back, of twenty miles. You are not in too great a hurry, I am sure, to allow the horse time to rest?"

Emily made her excuses with perfect grace and sincerity. "I had no idea the distance was so great," she confessed. "I will wait, dear Mrs. Delvin, as long as you like."

They parted as good friends as ever—with a certain reserve, nevertheless, on either side. Emily's eager nature was depressed and irritated by the prospect of delay. Mrs. Delvin, on the other hand (devoted to her brother's interests), thought hopefully of obstacles which might present themselves with the lapse of time. The horse might prove to be incapable of further exertion for that day. Or the threatening aspect of the weather might end in a storm.

But the hours passed, and the sky cleared, and the horse was reported to be fit for work again. Fortune was against the lady of the tower: she had no choice but to submit.

Mrs. Delvin had just sent word to Emily that the carriage would be ready for her in ten minutes, when the coachman who had driven Mirabel to Belford returned. He brought news which agreeably surprised both the ladies. Mirabel had reached the station five minutes too late; the coachman had left him waiting the arrival of the next train to the north. He would now receive the telegraphic message at Belford, and might return immediately by taking the groom's horse. Mrs. Delvin left it to Emily to decide whether she would proceed by herself to Redwood Hall or wait for Mirabel's return.

Under the changed circumstances, Emily would have acted ungraciously if she had persisted in holding to her first intention. She consented to wait.

The sea still remained calm. In the stillness of the moorland solitude on the western side of "The Clink," the rapid steps of a horse were heard at some little distance on the high-road. Emily ran out, followed by careful Mrs. Ellmother, expecting to meet Mirabel.

She was disappointed: it was the groom who had returned. As he pulled up at the house and dismounted, Emily noticed that the man looked excited.

"Is there anything wrong?" she asked.

"There has been an accident, miss."

"Not to Mr. Mirabel!"

"No, no, miss. An accident to a poor foolish woman, travelling from Lasswade."

Emily looked at Mrs. Ellmother. "It can't be Mrs. Rook!" she said.

"That's the name, miss! She got out before the train had quite stopped, and fell on the platform."

"Was she hurt?"

"Seriously hurt, as I heard. They carried her into a house hard by, and sent for the doctor."

"Was Mr. Mirabel one of the people who helped her?"

"He was on the other side of the platform, miss, waiting for the train from London. I got to the station and gave him the telegram just as the accident took place. We crossed over to hear more about it. Mr. Mirabel was telling me that he would return to 'The Clink' on my horse, when he heard the woman's name mentioned. Upon that, he changed his mind and went to the house."

"Was he let in?"

"The doctor wouldn't hear of it. He was making his examination, and he said nobody was to be in the room but her husband, and the woman of the house."

"Is Mr. Mirabel waiting to see her?"

"Yes, miss. He said he would wait all day, if necessary; and he gave me this bit of a note to take to the mistress."

Emily turned to Mrs. Ellmother. "It's impossible to stay here, not knowing whether Mrs. Rook is going to live or die," she said. "I shall go to Belford, and you will go with me."

The groom interfered. "I beg your pardon, miss. It was Mr. Mirabel's most particular wish that you were not, on any account, to go to Belford."

"Why not?"

"He didn't say."

Emily eyed the note in the man's hand with well-grounded distrust. In all probability, Mirabel's object in writing was to instruct his sister to prevent her guest from going to Belford. The carriage was waiting at the door. With her usual promptness of resolution, Emily decided on taking it for granted that she was free to use as she pleased a carriage which had been already placed at her disposal.

"Tell your mistress," she said to the groom, "that I am going to Belford instead of to Redwood Hall."

In a minute more she and Mrs. Ellmother were on their way to join Mirabel at the station.

[to be continued.]

THE COAST OF MAINE.

Is it fog-land, dream-land, or a hard reality of rocky, darkly wooded cliffs, of steep slopes, up which here and there has clambered a white cottage, in the high distance looking like a stray sheep straggling from the flock crowded below within reach of some long arm of the sea?

It is fog-land one day, as you steam along it, shut in in a still, small, foggy world, all beyond shut out by the silver-gray mist blending with the silver-gray circle of faintly rippled water. The sun opens a round, dim, yellow-white window above; you hear the beating of an invisible sail, just as you nearly graze a fishing schooner; the long-drawn moan of the fog-horn sounds threateningly out of the blank from some light-house upon hidden rocks. And if the steamer would but cease her answering moans and pantings, you might catch the tinkle of sheep bells on the slopes, so close you are upon them without seeing them, before the *City of Portland* comes suddenly to the very doors of her sister of Eastport. The whole journey, whether you have set out from New York or Boston, has been one long series of changing views of ocean, beach, and rugged coast-line. From Boston, indeed, until Portland is reached, the line of the Eastern Railroad runs over as picturesque and interesting a route as that prosaic pioneer, the locomotive, has ever invaded.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

But it is not the doors which you will notice first; that is, if it be low water. If the tide has fallen its score or more of feet, by far the most noticeable feature of Eastport, even now that the fog is lifting a little to show you the brown herring weirs, is the fish wharf here and there stretching out of the clear water its gaunt skeleton frame, clothed upon by the yellow-green bladders, or the tangle of rock-weed, black or green as the sea leaves it or laves it. Up and up its sides the ladders climb to the green mark of the high tides; and perhaps in the factory above you may find the delicate French sardine of Douarnenez, or Penmarch, "à l'huile," boiling away in its tin box, and quite forgetful that it was once a tiny herring from the weirs of Campo Bello opposite.

To Eastport, as to many another thing, the proverbial distance lends enchantment. Not that the white, red-roofed village climbing the bluff, and straggling over the ups and downs of its small island, is not pretty enough, but that, viewed as an opposite neighbor from the island of Campo Bello, sometimes it is an enchanted city. The fog loves this bay of Passamaquoddy. It does not like to hide it away behind the thick gray veil that may perhaps be flung over Grand Manan outside; but it clings to it, and lays soft white touches about it, making a changeful dream-land out of it. Perhaps, if you wander down at sunset, under the slender firs and birches crowning Owen Head at Campo Bello, and, with the Queen Anne cottage of a hotel behind you, look across the water for Eastport Island opposite, you may find that the mirage has lifted it miles and miles away, and turned its green slopes into Atlas holding up the heavens on his purple-mantled shoulders. At his feet the cottages are marble palaces, and a church tower becomes a great fortress, out of which, ere yet the Northern sunset has altogether faded, the curfew-bell at nine o'clock swells solemnly over the waves.

It is not every day one has a mirage, and it is not every day one sees the herring taken in the weirs. For this, once in a way, you might willingly be out on some last of August or September morning when the sun is yet but dreaming of getting up.

As yet there is only a pale yellow "rose of dawn" beginning to lighten in the east; all that you can fairly see are the herring weirs stretching their brown net-work into the mist-gray water spread before you, and the boats shooting through the narrow passage into the circling sweep of the weirs. The herring, you know, have come in through that same passage, and then finding themselves penned in with woven brush-wood walls fast rooted in the bottom, the fish lose their heads, as other trapped things do, and find no way of egress. And then there is a bewildering glare of torch-light on the water, a silver shower, then another, and another, of the gleaming fish, as the seine gathers them, and the dip-nets take them out and pour them, shining, into the boats. Then presently you feel the cool salt breath of morning in your face, and you turn and see that the sun, like yourself, is up for the day.

Up for the day: and there is more than one pleasant way of spending it. Point Pleasant is one; the Indian village, a short distance up the bay, with its tribe of basket-makers, and its little Roman Catholic Church, where, if you chance upon St. Anne's Day, there is probably a wedding going on. It is a curious question how all these tribes come by the patron saint of Brittany, and might help to settle the doubt which the French Acadians themselves can not, it seems—whether the first French colonists in Acadie were to any extent Bretons instead of Normans. How their poor little fleets swept over these blue seas in vain! and have left perhaps their only trace on Doucet's Island, far up the Passamaquoddy, where, begirt with Indians, and besieged by the cruel winter, they perished of cold and hunger.

"How many red herrings grow in the wood," and wild strawberries and baked apples in the sea, or, at least, upon its very verge! For Harbor de Lute thrusts its arm into the very heart of the Campo Bello woods, fish-houses standing all about the island, with their pendent rows of herrings, as it were, shingling the inner walls. And the little fragrant strawberries and raspberries redden the headlands on the sea; and the heath is gilded by another berry, and you shut your eyes and open your mouth, and know you have a morsel of "baked apple." The woods are carpeted with ferns and scarlet bunch-berries; they are dusky with firs, and feathery with tamaracks, and silvery and graceful with the "lady birch"; and they lead you, at last, past some hill-side blue as the sea, with a long wind-rippled sweep of bluebells to the sea itself, the broad Atlantic—only narrowed just here by the misty walls, nine miles away, of the island Manthane, or Manasne, which Champlain visited, leaving his anchor behind, as a certain rusty relic lately fished up is said to prove.

The cowled Friar standing at prayer, like a Baptist in the water, under the Campo Bello cliffs, and the Bishop in his pulpit where the waves do the thundering for him, at the northern head of Grand Manan, will never preach such "sermons in stones" as does the cross set up by nature over against her grand cathedral wall at Southern Head. The towers and pinnacles rise out of the sea, up to the sky, with fret-work of the bluebell and wild rose. The dwarf spruce wood cresting the heights is a witness to a freak of bird-nature, chronicled by AUDUBON, of the adjacent islets—sea-gulls building their nests in the trees. For the ledges here are insecure—piled one upon another, with but little earth mortaring them together, and with a curious masonry suggestive of the Giant's Causeway. The same red-brown basaltic rock, on which it is not easy to disprove the marks of that cutter's tools, only where in the Giant's Causeway the columns are five, seven, and nine sided, here they run chiefly in threes, wedged together. As you stand above the sea, three hundred feet or so, and look across the Bay of Fundy's mouth, some forty miles away, you can just see a faint, low-lying cloud. It is the Nova-Scotian coast, off which there is a three-mile island facing the "French Shore," a rock between three seas, where the Giant may have "tried his prentice han'" upon the mossy towers and buttresses and turrets rising straight up out of the sea, with not one handful of earth among them. It is not far to wander from the coast of Maine, this tiny Bryer Island with its Westport opposite to Eastport; and there is nothing quite like Westport in its way—the fishing village's way: every pretty gabled cottage with its tiny pier and fish-house, and its "fish-flakes" stretching their lattices up from the gate to the flower-bordered house door, their outspread burden of "coddies" drying in the sun upon their lattices.

As at Eastport, also, there are fish-flakes enough on Grand Manan, if you wander away from the Marble Ridge Hotel or the Sea-View, toward Pettes Cove, for instance, or Whale Cove. All this, with its weird growth of sea-weed on the submerged ledges, is the pasture ground beloved of the cod, the hake, the pollock, and haddock—those cold-blood relations that bear so strong a family likeness that it would be hard for the stranger to tell them apart were it not that Dame Nature has left the print of her hard-worked fingers upon some of them. They are the money of the islanders: so many yards of hake sounds drying, strung on their lines, for so many yards of calico, at the general shop where you may buy all things, from that yard of calico to the quaint *History of Grand Manan* and all the others of the adjacent three hundred and sixty-five islands of the Passamaquoddy that can fly the British flag.

There is money of another sort to be looked for at the sea foot of the darkly wooded buttresses of Money Cove. There the ubiquitous Captain KIDD hid away treasure which he and his crew row back to search for, all in vain, on certain cloudy nights when you may hear the dip of oars and the dull stroke of a ghostly spade. If it were not for the frequent fogs that veil the spectral pirate craft from sight, no doubt she would be scared from these waters by the shrill warning of the steamer waiting now to carry you away from cliff-built Grand Manan, back down the wild, surf-beaten coast of Maine.

SIMON BOLIVAR, LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE unveiling of a statue of Bolivar in the Central Park recalls a name that has long been neglected among us. Yet to his countrymen of South America Bolivar stands first in their affections and esteem. He is the unselfish, ever-active, and successful deliverer of his country. Byron and Macaulay wrote or sang of him with equal enthusiasm, and placed him at the side of Washington, and by all the varied races of Spanish South America the words and memory of their national hero are treasured with ceaseless devotion.

Bolivar was born in 1783, of a wealthy family of creoles, natives of Carácas. His father died when he was an infant; his mother educated him with great care, and sent him to Spain and its universities. He travelled over Europe, was struck by the renown of the young conqueror Napoleon, attended lectures at Paris, visited Rome, and there, it is said, first conceived the idea of giving freedom to his native land. He married at Madrid, and came back to Carácas. His fair young wife died; and Bolivar, the wealthiest and most cultivated of the planters of Venezuela, resolved to risk fortune and life for his country. He was well formed and graceful, his countenance fine, his pallid features touched by a ceaseless melancholy, the most eminent of the young men of his native land. But he was a creole. The land was governed by rude adventurers from Spain. The creoles were allowed no share in the government of their country. Carácas and all Spanish America were weighed down by the bitter tyranny of their European lords.

Bolivar formed a secret association of creole young men. The rising took place on the 19th of April, 1810, that determined the fate of South America. At first all was success and triumph. Carácas was free; Granada, Chili, and Buenos Ayres followed its example. But a swift reverse soon came. A Spanish army in 1812 invaded the country and defeated the creole forces; an earthquake meantime, one of the most frightful ever known, had overturned the city of Carácas. Bolivar fled from his country, an impoverished exile, and the Spanish rule was enforced by ceaseless murders and confiscation. It was in exile and poverty that the heroic element of his nature shone out with new splendor; like Washington, he never desponded or despaired. In 1813 he was again the victorious ruler of Carácas. Soon he was forced to fly once more before the merciless Spanish troops. Again an exile, he sought to gain the aid of American or European powers. He was already famous, but no one helped him. He prepared a last expedition in 1816—a small band of soldiers—and threw himself into the midst of his foes. He was again defeated. He crossed the Andes into New Granada, and the country rose at his approach. At Boyacá, in 1819, he was victorious; at Carabobo, in his native land—Venezuela—June, 1821, he again routed the foreign forces. From that moment the success of the patriots was assured. They drove the Spaniards out of Peru; state after state threw off the foreign rule; and Bolivar, covered with renown, could now proudly announce to the world that South America was free.

In 1827 the hero came back to Venezuela and Carácas, its liberator and its chief. His life had always been unselfish and disinterested. He never grew enormously wealthy, like Napoleon and Cæsar, from the plunder of the people; but he was possibly sometimes too self-willed, and not master of himself. He was poor, and content to remain so. But he soon found himself surrounded by a cloud of envy, and pursued by a thousand foes. In the last year of his life a hostile faction gained the control of Venezuela, and drove the liberator into a new exile from the land of his birth. He knew all the pains of the reformer. He was in bad health; the ingratitude of his countrymen crushed his great soul, and he went forth to die, December 17, 1830, at Carthagena, on his way to Europe. From his sick-bed he had dictated a last address to his countrymen. He urged upon them union, progress, and peace. "For my enemies," he said, "I have only forgiveness. If my death shall contribute to the cessation of factions, the consolidation of the union, I can go tranquilly to my grave." He died poor, and left little to his heirs. He sacrificed, like the Roman, youth, wealth, valor, life itself, to the liberation of Latin America.

For such a man, so true a friend, the people of every land must have a lasting sympathy. He was one of their leaders. He was the friend of no caste, nor even country, but of the human race. He advocated the abolition of slavery, and effected it in all Spanish America but Cuba. An unselfish patriot, he is worthy of a statue at New York by the side of Washington's, and of a high place in the hearts of all Americans.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"THE Paris police have again raided the bookmakers and seized a large sum of money," says the cable. Persons unacquainted with terms used by speculative patrons of sporting events might infer from this that the police of Paris are hostile to literature, but such is not the inference that is borne out.

Some laborers digging near Onondaga Lake unearthed a large number of skeletons lying side by side with their heads toward the south. At first it was supposed that they had found the place where the *Sun* had put away all but one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency; but the skeletons proved to be the remains of Indians.

The sea-serpent has not made his appearance this season; but there is a "giant lunatic" at large in the Pennsylvania mountains.

The Overseers of Harvard University have decided not to confer the degree of LL.D. on Governor Robinson, and have thereby robbed General Butler of one of the elements of his somewhat extraordinary personal conspicuity.

A physician connected with the Panama Canal Company is said to have successfully cultivated yellow fever germs, with which he has experimented by inoculating animals, and it is promised that an account of his experiments shall soon be published.

An advertiser in Texas for agents to sell Mexican ponies says: "Sample pony free on conditions; inclose stamp." This may indicate that the sample ponies are very small, or that the advertiser is misinformed as to the postal rates for certain classes of mail matter.

A dispatch from the city of Mexico says that the national elections passed off quietly, that the formality of providing the voters with ballots was generally omitted, and that "therefore few, if any, citizens voted."

In the event of Mr. Blaine's election it may be expected that his brilliant foreign policy will include overtures for closer relations with the natives of New Zealand. A cable dispatch says of the Maori king that "his high rank entitles him to be more odiously tattooed than any of his suite."

The fall of a tenement-house a few days ago occurred within sight of the corner where loss of life was occasioned some two or three years since by the collapse of an old building. It is probable that some of the tenants witnessed the sad scenes which attended that disaster, yet the usual reluctance to quit the unsafe building was shown. Strange as it seems, it is almost invariably necessary for the police to come in and hustle the tenants out when a dwelling has been condemned as unsafe. In the case of this latest building, the tenants were barely out of harm's reach when the crash came.

It is said that the President intended to make his recent trip to the North by sea, but was deterred by a prognostication of the Chief Signal Officer that the weather would be cold and stormy. This prediction was worked out especially for the President's benefit at the request of the Secretary of War. The weather turned out to be warm and pleasant. General Hazen, however, is too old an observer of things dependent partly upon chance to be discouraged by his failure to hit the nail on the head when he especially desired so to do.

The scent of the English policemen for dynamite fiends is as keen as that of our New York police for the smell of whiskey in the breath of persons attacked with illness in the street. There was an explosion in Greenwich a few days since, and near the scene a man was found dazed and badly hurt. Straightway the news was cabled across the ocean that the man who made dynamite for the Irish conspirators had been captured. Within a few hours the captive had sufficiently recovered to identify himself as a very well known scientific man, and to explain that the explosion occurred while he was experimenting with some chemicals.

Bathing cars are announced as among the attractions of one of the Coney Island beaches. They will be something new there, where the commingling of bathers and garbage of various grades hitherto has been unrestrained. It must be acknowledged, however, that the garbage was less offensive than the human scum that abounded, and with the seclusion which may be obtained through the use of the bathing cars, it will be almost possible to overlook the presence of flotsam from the city's scows.

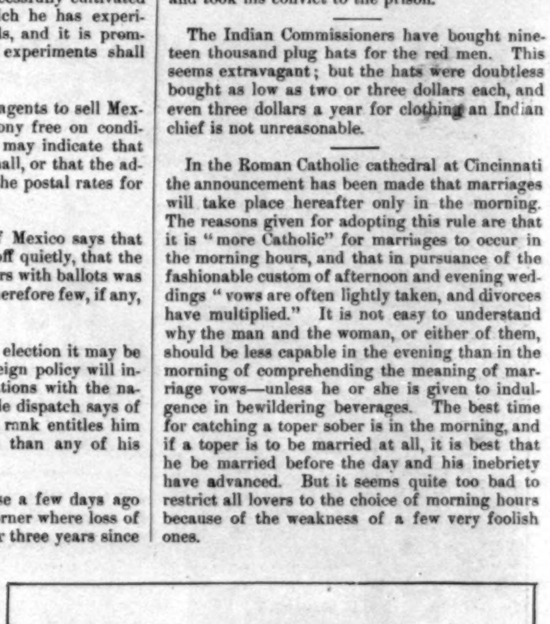
The circuit of Long Island makes a yachting course which, with a little variation of weather, can give almost every style of craft an opportunity to show its good points. From Sandy Hook until the eastern end of the island has been rounded there is blue water, and there is apt to be wind enough for any craft in her racing rig. All sorts of weather may be reasonably expected on the Sound till the narrow water at the entrance to the East River is reached. Thereabouts a condition of glassy smoothness is not unusual, and the only sailing craft that can make headway is the spectral sharpie.

There is congratulation in Philadelphia upon the acquisition of what appears from this distance to be a dude squad of policemen. They are the Chestnut Street "reserves." Instead of the usual club, they carry canes of polished walnut, and wear exceptionally dazzling uniforms, topped off with impressive helmets.

In the unique and comparatively unknown city of Hoboken, which lies a mile to the westward of New York, justice is administered in small doses by an official known by the title of Recorder. His court is to Hoboken what the police courts and the Special Sessions are to New York. The city is German in population, and is slow-going. An illustration of what may happen there came up a few days ago, when the Recorder sentenced a prisoner to the penitentiary, and there being no policeman on hand, descended from the bench and took his convict to the prison.

The Indian Commissioners have bought nineteen thousand plug hats for the red men. This seems extravagant; but the hats were doubtless bought as low as two or three dollars each, and even three dollars a year for clothing an Indian chief is not unreasonable.

In the Roman Catholic cathedral at Cincinnati the announcement has been made that marriages will take place hereafter only in the morning. The reasons given for adopting this rule are that it is "more Catholic" for marriages to occur in the morning hours, and that in pursuance of the fashionable custom of afternoon and evening weddings "vows are often lightly taken, and divorces have multiplied." It is not easy to understand why the man and the woman, or either of them, should be less capable in the evening than in the morning of comprehending the meaning of marriage vows—unless he or she is given to indulgence in bewildering beverages. The best time for catching a toper sober is in the morning, and if a toper is to be married at all, it is best that he be married before the day and his inebriety have advanced. But it seems quite too bad to restrict all lovers to the choice of morning hours because of the weakness of a few very foolish ones.



PLUCKED TOO SOON.
"'Twas but a faded Flower."

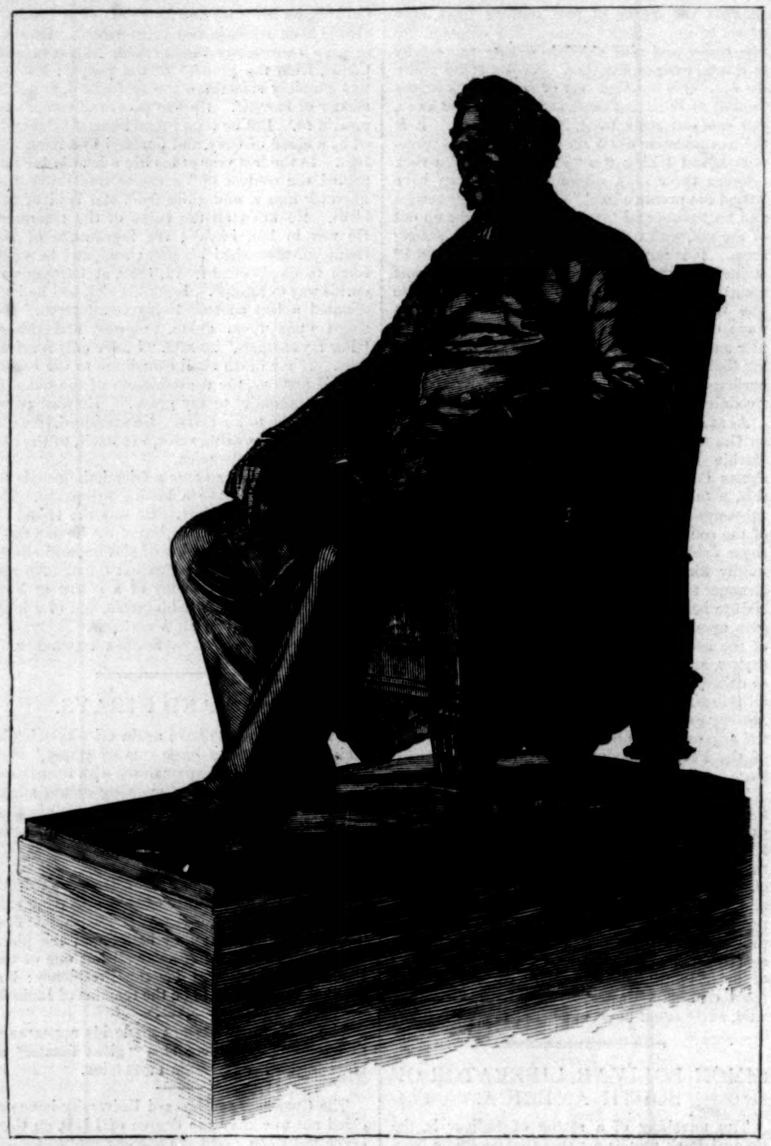
THE BUCKINGHAM STATUE.

The occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Connecticut's war Governor, Buckingham, at Hartford, on the 16th inst., was celebrated with great *èclat.*

The city was in the full attire of a holiday, public and private buildings being elaborately decorated. There were about 6000 men in the procession, the majority being veterans of the war, who marched as regimental organizations. The gallant Seventh Regiment of New York took a prominent part, and were received with great enthusiasm. There were seventeen bands of music and nineteen drum corps, making 618 musicians in all. The line was nearly an hour passing a given point. All of the ex-Governors of the State except Cleveland and Miner were present.

At the close of the march the unveiling of the statue occurred. The statue stands in the west rotunda of the Capitol, where the battle-flags are kept. Here accommodations were made for several hundred people. Speaker Harrison, of the House of Representatives, presented the memorial to the State, and it was accepted by Governor Waller.

After a lunch in Bushnell's Park, at which plates were furnished for 6000 persons, Senator Platt delivered the oration. He spoke of the five years of moral growth in Connecticut preceding the election of Abraham Lincoln, and dwelt eloquently on the leading and directing hand of Governor Buckingham in the trying years of the war. Connecticut needed the services of a pure, wise, and strong man then, and for the occasion God provided Buckingham.



THE MONUMENT TO GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
Photographed by Stuart.

WAGNER AT HOME.

Wagner was adored by his household. He lived for some time at Lucerne in great retirement—he was then working at the *Ring.* A friend who had at that time frequent access to him has given us through Mr. Haweis, some charming Wagnerian side-lights. Nervous and intensely impressionable, we are told his sentiments always ran into extremes, but his self-recovery was rapid. He sometimes wounded even his friends by the intense and passionate sincerity of his language; but he atoned so sweetly for a passing heat of temper that they loved him only the more. "In Wagner," said one of his orchestra at Baireuth, "it is the second movement that is good."

His life in Switzerland was as regular as it was laborious. He rose at six, bathed, then reclined and read till ten; breakfasted; worked uninterruptedly from eleven till two; dined; rested, always with a book in hand; drove from four till six; worked from six till eight; supped, and spent the evening in the midst of his family.

It was in these evenings that Wagner was most charming. Every cloud was cleared from his brow; his face seemed radiant with a certain light-hearted goodness which diffused a happy atmosphere around him. He had a kind word for every one, he entered into everything, and his conversation scintillated with brilliancy and humor. His boundless liberality sometimes brought him into pecuniary difficulties; he could never bear to see any one in want: he had known too much of it himself.

His poor relations took advantage of him. His rustic family connections seemed to rise out of the earth wherever he stood, and claim his assistance or protection. They would come on a visit and forget to leave; they would drop in at meal-time; they would use his name, order things of his trades-people and forget to pay, travel under his *prestige*, and lodge at his expense.

His heart was larger than his pocket; his generosity far exceeded the discretion of those who traded upon it. A French nobleman, Count Gobineau, said of him, "Herr Wagner will never be perfectly happy, for there will always be some one at his elbow whose suffering or distress he will feel bound to share." As a rule, the French spoke no good of Wagner, nor Wagner of the French.

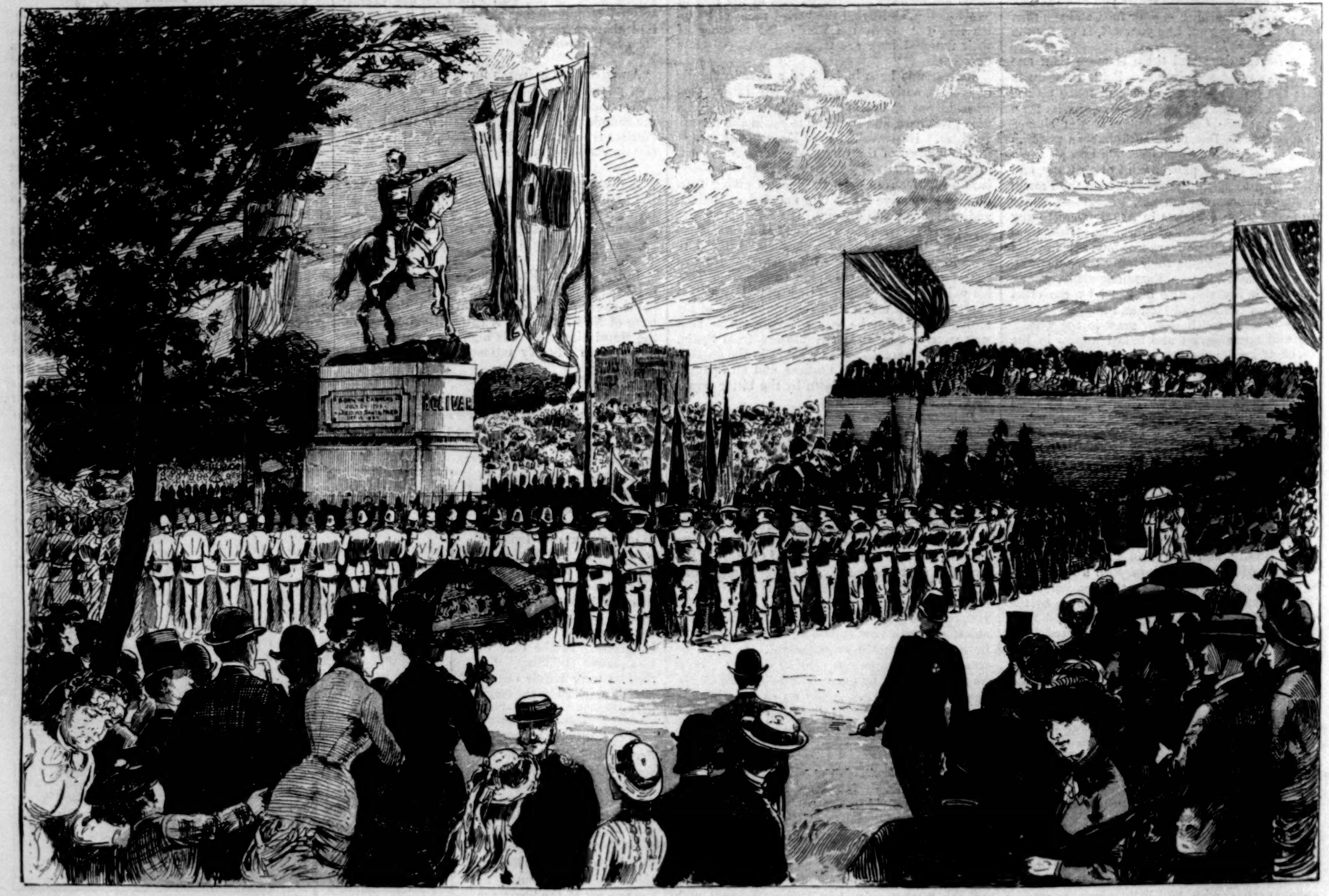
In some things Wagner was as simple and tender as a child—so true is it that there is a child-like element in most men of genius. His agility was surprising. He was fond of climbing the trees in his garden. On such occasions Madame Wagner would say to his friends, "I beseech you do not look at him or encourage him; he will only run greater risks."

He was very fond of animals, especially dogs; his favorite dog Mark is buried not far from his own grave. The *Meistersinger* was arrested for months in consequence of attentions paid to a poor dog he had met wandering sick and masterless. The ungrateful animal bit his hand, and for months Wagner was unable to hold a pen, but the dog was equally well cared for.

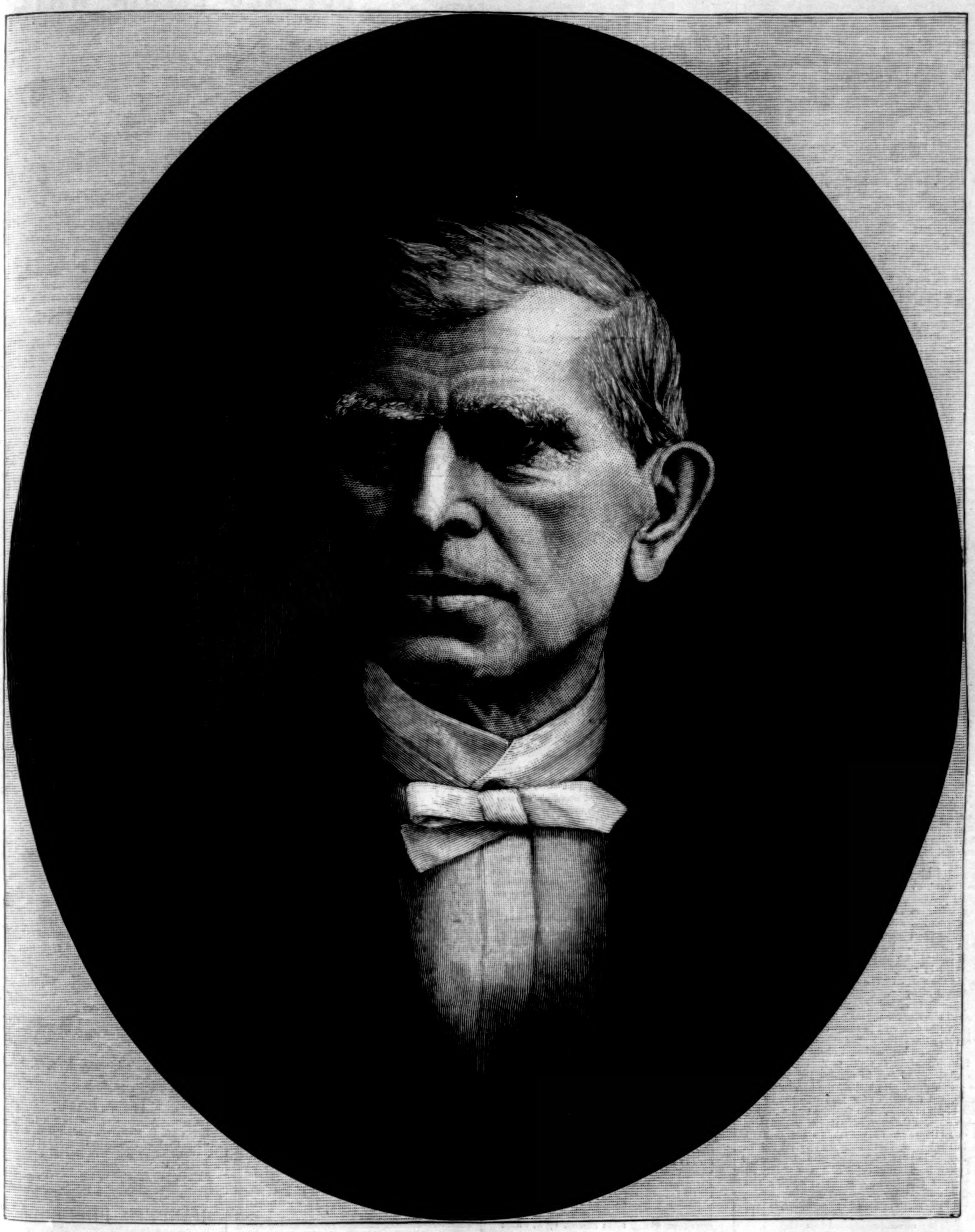
Like Liszt, he was a strong opponent of vivisection, and was fond of quoting Faust's saying to scientific doctors, "The very dogs wouldn't live in such a world as yours."

When not absolutely absorbed in his work he was most thoughtful for others, and was always planning for their comfort and happiness; and although quick and at times irritable, he could bear suffering calmly. On one occasion a lady remarked that he had been singularly sweet and amiable all day on a pleasure excursion, at a time when he was in actual physical suffering himself. He confessed at the end that he had felt very unwell, but had tried to hide this from those about him for fear of spoiling their enjoyment.

He was naturally adored by his servants, who staid with him so long that they became like members of the family. He had an extraordinary power of attracting people to his person. There was something irresistibly magnetic about that brilliant eye, that noble penetrating look, that insatiable and unresting vigor of emotion and intellect.



UNVEILING THE BOLIVAR MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 415.]



THE LATE BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. GARBER.

MATTHEW SIMPSON.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THE REV. **MATTHEW SIMPSON**, D.D., LL.D., who died in Philadelphia on the 17th inst., was elected to the episcopacy in the Methodist Episcopal Church in May, 1852. None of his associates were elected earlier than 1872, and he was therefore by twenty years their senior in office. His long and laborious life, his varied gifts, and his prominent relation to both our ecclesiastical and national life placed him in the front rank of Americans. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1811. His father, JAMES **SIMPSON**, was a native of Tyrone County, Ireland, but on the maternal side was of Scotch descent. Bishop **SIMPSON** belonged to the same Scotch-Irish element of our population which has produced the **BRECKINRIDGES**, the **DUFFIELDS**, **HODGES**, the **ALEXANDERS**, and others, who have been distinguished for intense clerical and theological vigor, and for earnest participation in all the strong questions of our entire national history. He received careful training in the place of his nativity, and entered the Madison College, Pennsylvania. Here he studied, in addition to the classics, the Hebrew language, and exhibited a strong tendency toward theological studies in general. On completing the curriculum he was appointed a tutor in the college. This position he occupied but a brief period, and returned to Ohio, where he began the practice of medicine. Feeling ill at ease in this profession, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For four years he preached with remarkable success, and attracted much attention throughout the region bordering on Ohio and Pennsylvania. In 1837 he was elected Vice-President of Alleghany College, and at the same time occupied the chair of Natural Science. In 1839 he was elected President of the new Indiana Asbury University, and devoted himself to the work of building up that institution, whose financial stability has only recently been assured by the gift of about $1,000,000 by the Hon. W. C. **DE PEAUW**, of New Albany, Indiana.

He remained at the head of the university nine years, and in 1848 was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published in Cincinnati. The most important General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the session of 1844, in New York, where the Southern delegates refused to agree with those of the North in their opposition to the exercise of episcopal functions by Bishop **JAMES O. ANDREW**, because of his ownership of slaves. This was the entering wedge which divided the Methodist Episcopal Church, and caused the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In this Conference Dr. **SIMPSON** took a prominent part, and exhibited that firm opposition to slavery which has characterized his life as a clergyman and citizen. From his election to the episcopacy in 1852 until his death he labored with untiring zeal in the discharge of the arduous duties of his office. In 1857 he represented his Church at the Irish and British Conferences, and was a delegate at the Berlin session of the Evangelical Alliance in the same year. He made an extensive tour through Europe, Egypt, and Syria, but returned in 1858 in ill health, produced by fever contracted during his travels in the

East. Having regained his health in a year, he again became absorbed in his work, and for twenty-five years was able to perform his official duties almost without interruption. He travelled through every part of the territory occupied by his Church, excepting only some parts of the foreign field. He made several episcopal tours in Europe and along the Pacific coast, and notwithstanding his age, shared equally with his colleagues in the more laborious part of their administration. As lately as 1881 he served as delegate from his Church to the Œcumenical Methodist Conference held in London, and was one of the speakers in the Exeter Hall meeting held in memory of President GARFIELD, when his closing sentiment, "God bless the Queen for her womanly sympathy and queenly courtesy," produced demonstrations of wild enthusiasm, the audience rising and applauding it again and again.

Bishop SIMPSON was very early attracted to the principle that the Christian minister is none the less a citizen because of his sacred office; on the contrary, that it is the duty of every clergyman to so interest himself in the civil development of the nation that every department of the political life of the people shall be elevated through his influence. Of this idea Bishop SIMPSON was himself a remarkable example. We find evidences of his influence in civil affairs long before the late war, but it was this crisis which brought him into close relationship with the Administration. There was no important change in the issue when he does not seem to have been consulted by President LINCOLN. He urged the latter to emancipate the slaves long before the people demanded it, and before the President himself was ready to adopt the extreme measure. He had been acquainted with Secretary STANTON since their youth; his advice was repeatedly sought by the latter on matters bearing upon the conduct of the war. President LINCOLN prized him as a friend, and it was fitting that the Bishop should offer the prayer before the martyr's body was borne from the White House, and again when it was deposited in its final resting-place in Springfield, and that a statue of him should be one of the figures surrounding the LINCOLN monument in the same city. He was compelled to decline all propositions that would interfere with his official duties. For this reason he did not accept Secretary STANTON's invitation to make a Southern tour with a view to establish the Freedman's Bureau, and later declined the appointment by President GRANT as one of the San Domingo Commissioners.

Bishop SIMPSON was an industrious writer. His *Hundred Years of Methodism* and *Cyclopædia of Methodism* are largely the outgrowth of his own large experience as an acute observer of the development of his own Church. In 1882–3 he delivered the Lyman Beecher Course of Lectures in the Yale Seminary, which were afterward published under the title of *Lectures on Preaching*. In this volume he has furnished not simply such general principles as underlie pulpit eloquence, but those practical sides of the subject which only the orator of wide and long observation and of subtle skill in stirring the deepest sympathy of audiences is able to furnish.

The most distinguishing trait in Bishop SIMPSON's character was his power of public speech. His sermons are simple and clear in style, and of cumulative quality, ascending from a few general propositions by a method, peculiar to himself, of combined logical firmness and rhetorical finish, until the climax is reached. His power over large audiences long since entered into the history of the Church to which he devoted his life. His subtle process of reaching the heart and producing conviction was the fruit of infinite care over himself and of a warm and chaste imagination. His voice was tender, occasionally tremulous, and had a far reach. He could be heard as easily in a large hall as in a parlor. The oration which he delivered in the New York Academy of Music, during the war, on "The Future of our Country," possessed many rare qualities, but was particularly strong in arousing popular sentiment to increased sacrifice for the sake of the Union. This oration was delivered in many cities, and not infrequently the entire audience arose as one body and applauded the sentiment of the speaker.

Bishop SIMPSON was always distinguished for his advanced ideas. In nothing but years had he grown aged. He had all the hopefulness of youth, and the faith of a man who thinks the best is yet to come. His favorite topics for sermons were on the aggressive side of Christianity. His own Church has never taken a step forward, as in the introduction of the lay element into its legislation in 1872, without his earnest advocacy. He was a beautiful example of a man of rare endowments and broad experience, keeping step with his aggressive times, and allowing nothing to chill the ardor of his early and sanguine manhood.

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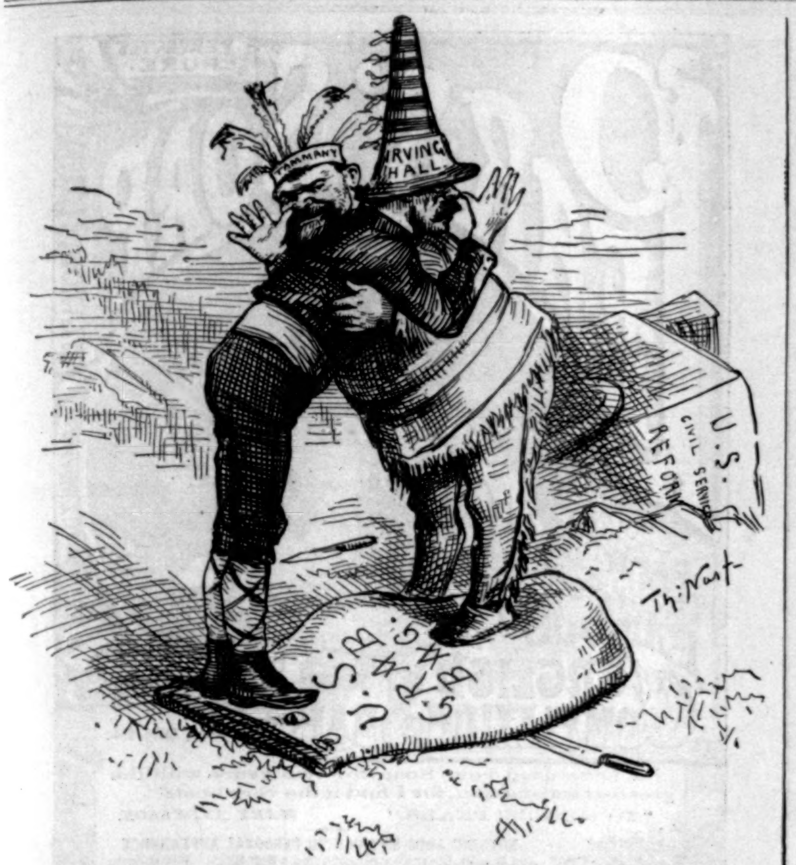

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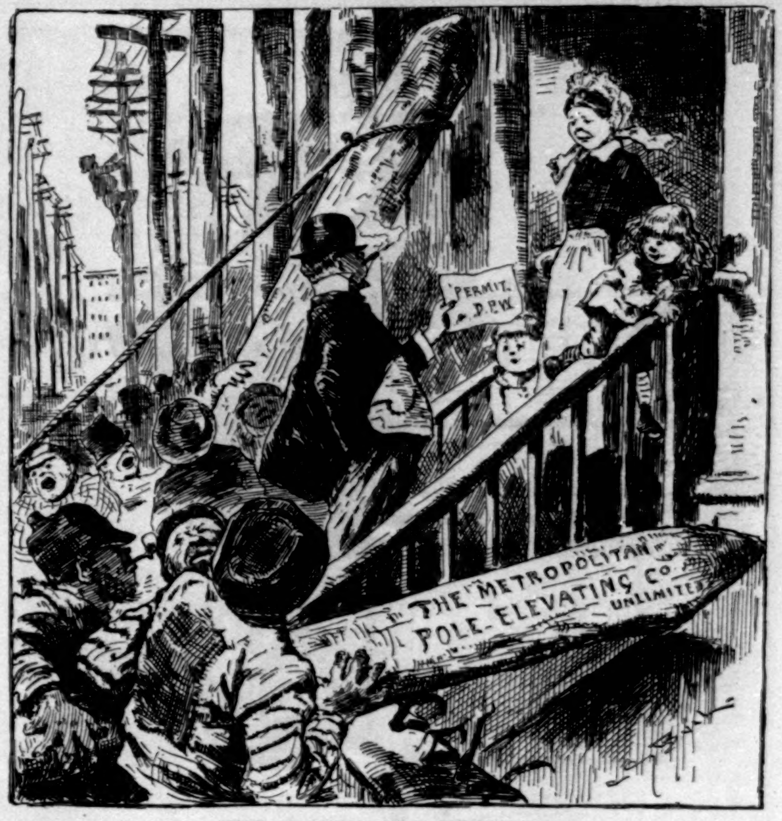
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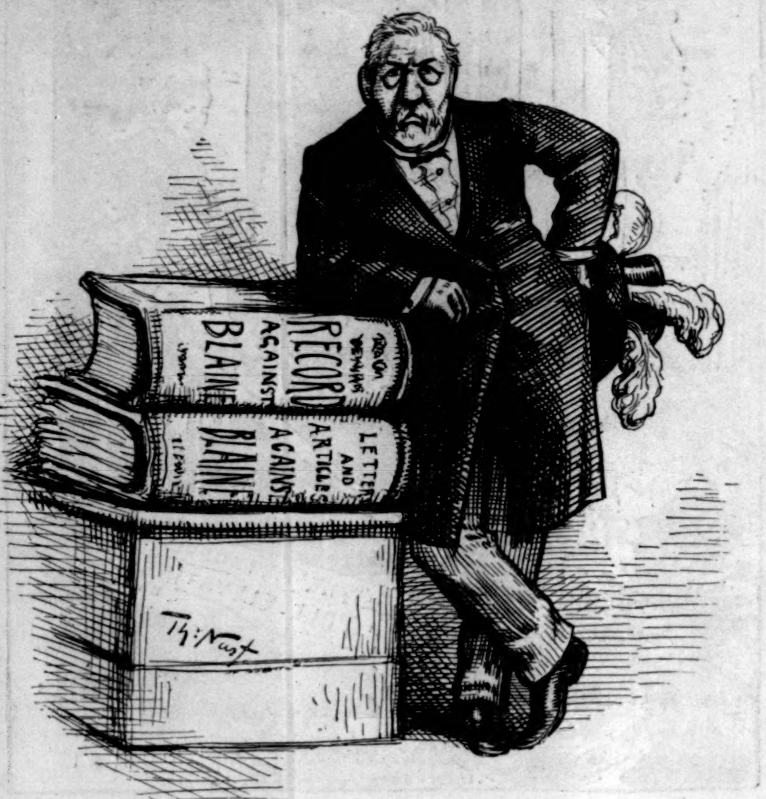
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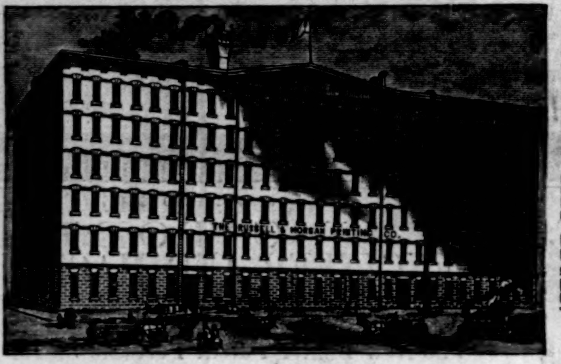
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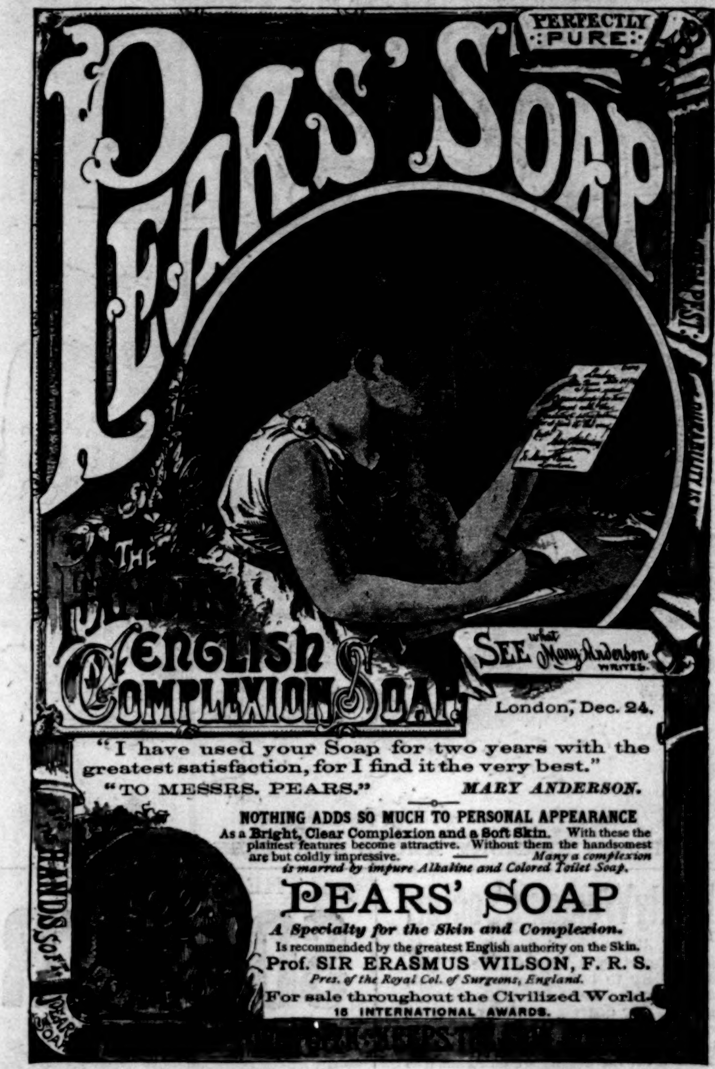
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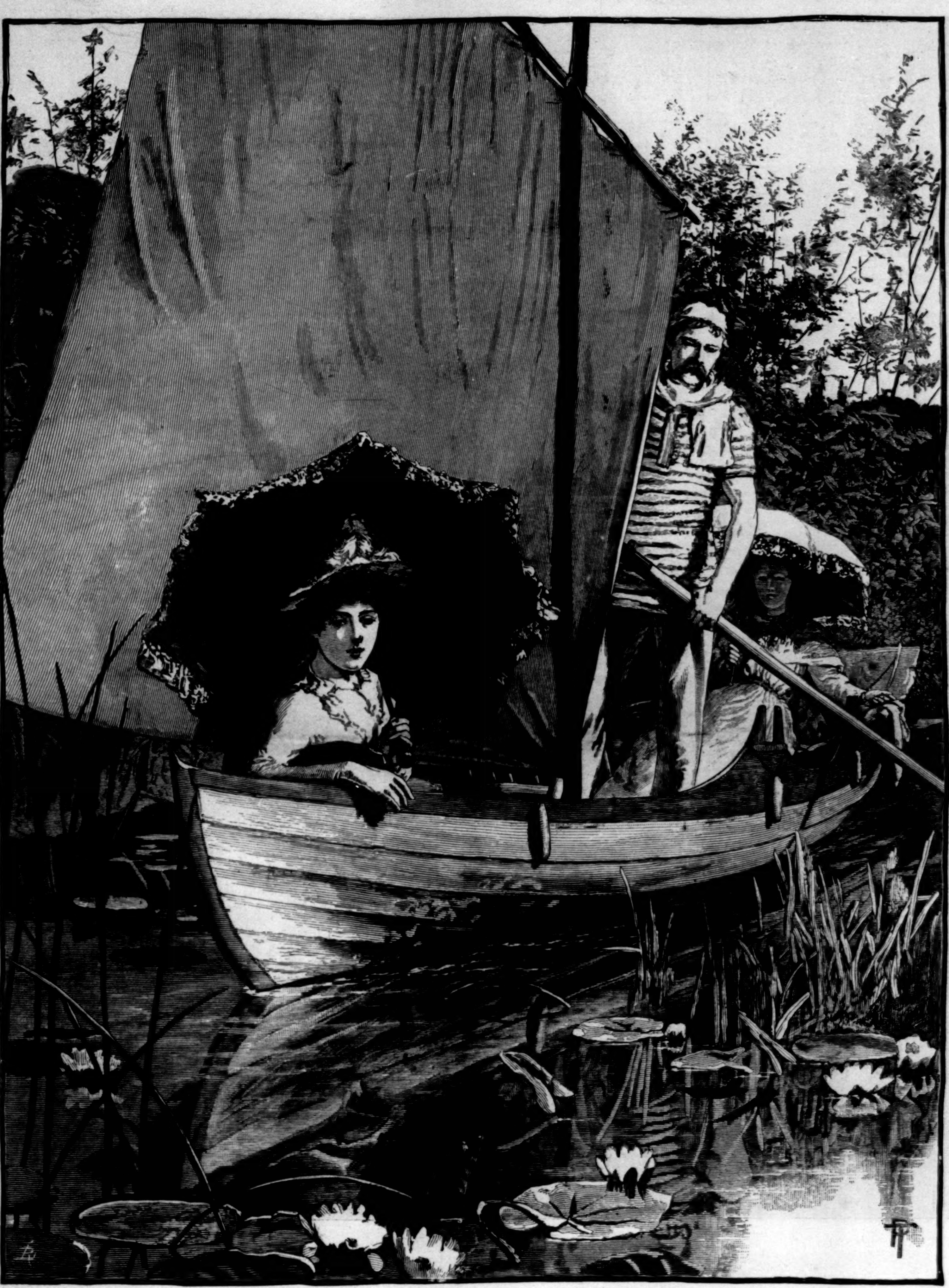


ON THE RIVER.

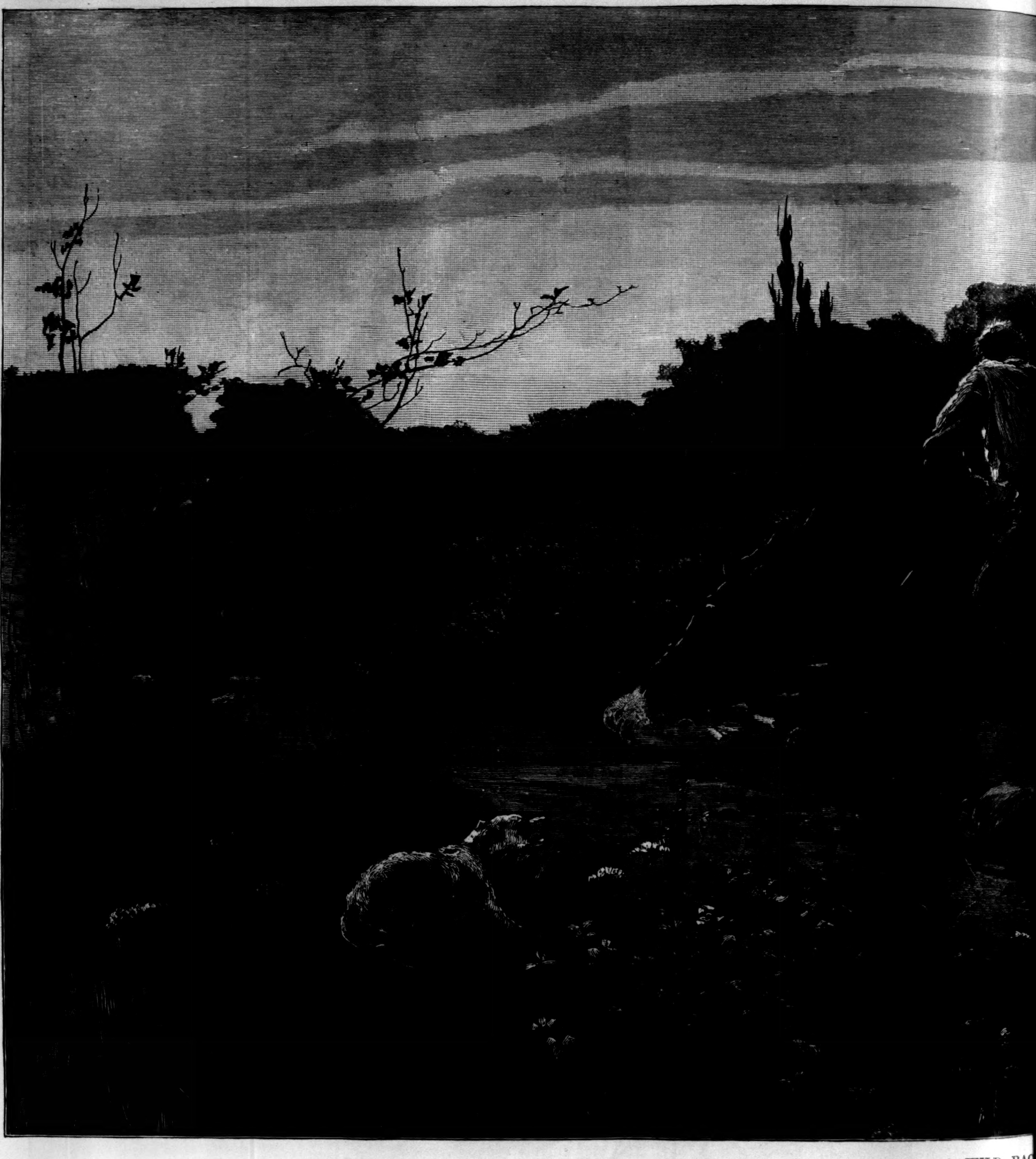
A GONDOLIERS' HOLIDAY.

THESE expeditions are expensive, and the Venetians spend freely when about them; their open-handedness limits the number of times that they can afford a day in the country, which is, at most, twice a year. The season chosen is spring or autumn, and the occasion is either the winding up of a gondoliers' bank, or else the meeting of one of those clubs called *Marit' e Moglie*—a society of friends and their wives, formed especially for these expeditions. The company chooses a head, and he arranges the day and the place in accordance with the amount of money at his disposal. They are sure of a welcome wherever they go, for the Venetians make themselves popular on the main-land, and their advent and noise and songs are a pleasant break on the monotony of many a quiet village of the plain. But even if their welcome were not a ready one, they would take care to secure punctual and submissive attention.

They are prompt to stand upon their dignity at a moment's notice, and give themselves abundant airs; one would almost suppose that they remembered the fact that all these cities at one time owned the sway of Venice. It is a perilous thing for a landlord to show them less than the greatest attention. I remember once at Castel-Franco a fair was going on in the market-place; the landlord of the Spada let his best room to a company of Venetian gondoliers, but let the balcony to another party, and forgot to mention the fact, which only transpired when supper was on the table. The whole party of gondoliers walked out of the house and over the way to the rival inn, leaving the landlord to do what he chose with a supper for fourteen thrown upon his hands.

The gondoliers have a great capacity for finding out where the best food and wine are to be got, and travelling about among these small villages and out-of-the-way towns one can not do better than go where the gondoliers go. When the party arrives at their inn the *capo* sends for the landlord and orders supper, which, of course, is regulated by custom, rice and chicken being the invariable rule. He also tastes and chooses the wine, seals up a small bottleful, and puts it in his pocket. This sample bottle is placed on the table at supper-time, and referred to if the landlord is suspected of changing the quality as the feast goes on.

Too often, it must be confessed, time hangs heavily on the party, and spirits are apt to run low. But supper, the climax of the day, comes to pick them up again; and after supper, songs and a dance, and then the scramble to catch the last train, which takes the party back to Venice somewhere about midnight.



A WILD RAC

LOCUSTS AND LOCUSTS.

There are locusts and locusts. "The merry insect" of American poetry is a very different fact from "the scourge of Allah" which the Oriental world lives in fear of. The awful rustling overhead when the Eastern locust hordes eclipse the Indian sun at noon, and throw upon the landscape the ominous shadows of coming ruin,

> "as when the potent rod
> Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
> Waved round the coasts, up-called a pitchy cloud
> Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
> That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
> Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile,"

has nothing in common with the voice of

> "The harmless locust of this Western clime
> That at intervals, 'mid the leaves unseen,
> Is heard to sing, with one unbroken sound,
> As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
> And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
> Then in low cadence dying all away."

I have seen on the frontier of Beloochistan the one surge up on the horizon in gloomy swarms that spread out as they approach into sullen, heavy-hanging clouds, instinct with the dreadful murmur of innumerable wings, and, like "the curse of an avenging god," scath and scorch the country they travelled over, settling in countless myriads upon every patch of vegetation, wild or cultivated, and leaving it as desolate as if a flame-wave had swept over the land. On the African Veldt I have seen a prairie fire, and ridden over the black and cindered soil in its track. But the fire was not more certain and scarcely more rapid in its career of destruction than that host of locusts which I saw passing across the Indus into Hindostan.

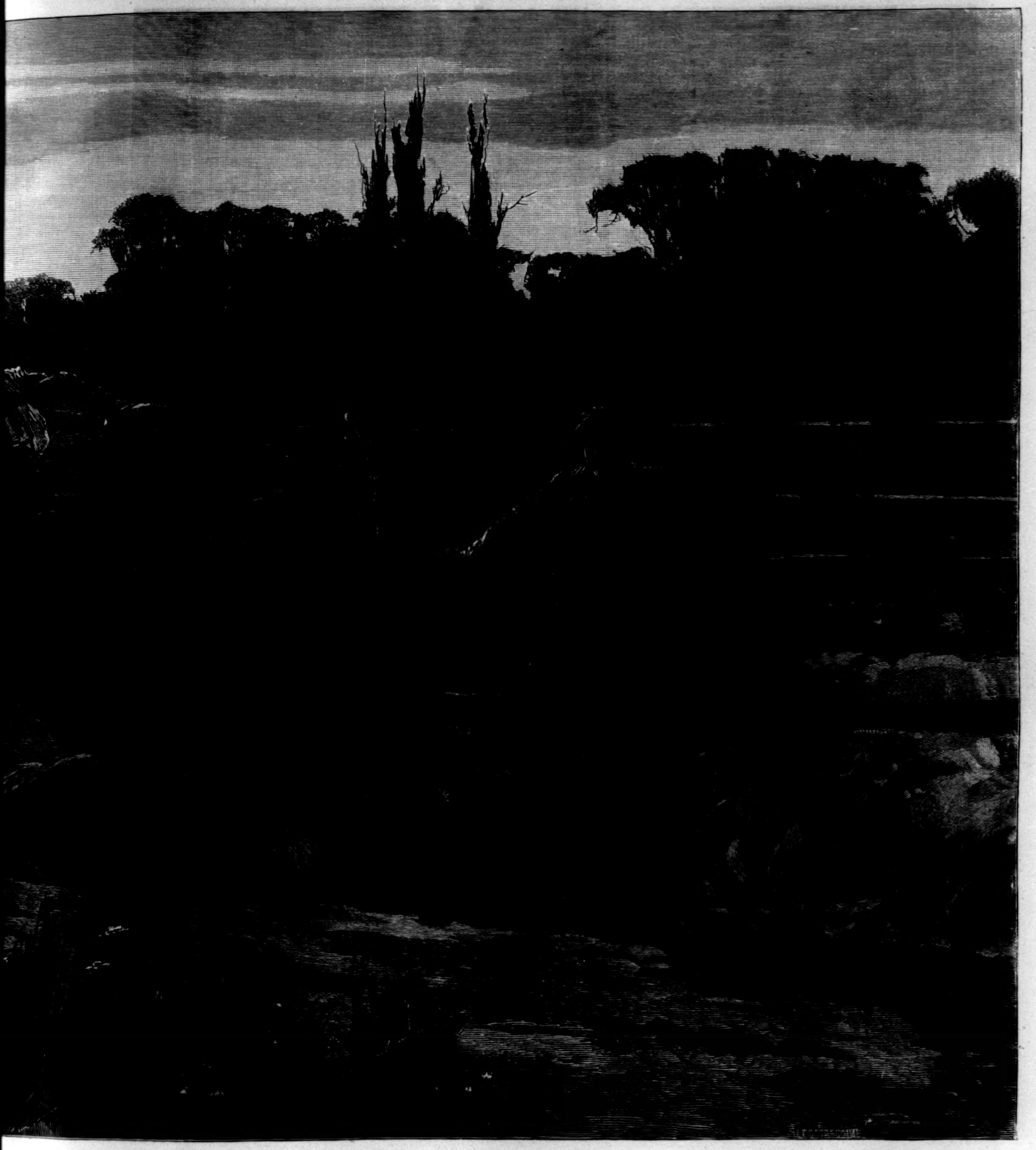
How strangely, then, read Holmes's delightful lines of the locust:

> "The shrill-crying child of summer's heat,
> Piping from its leafy seat,
> The dim pavilion of embowering green,
> Beneath whose shadowy screen
> The small sopranist tries its single note
> Against the song-bird's throat."

Imagine a locust—the real locust—sitting idly to sing in a dim pavilion of embowering green! Conceive this terrific insect—before whom vegetation withers as hoar-frost before the sun, shrivels up like a moth's wing in a flame—piping in a leafy seat!

In America the locust (when not used as a figure of speech, as in Whittier's "locust swarm that cursed the harvest fields of God," or other maledictory purposes) is always an agreeable and rather lovable bobolink sort of creature. It winds (in Drake) a "merry horn"; it "pours from its world of green a drowsy song" in one poet, and in half a dozen others besides Holmes "sings." Sometimes it "chirps," and at others has a "cheerful" voice. So, as I have said, it is accepted generally as rather a pleasing feature of the rural scene. And this of a locust!

The truth, of course, lies in the fact that the American poets do not really mean a locust when they use the word. But what they *do* mean I will not undertake to say—it may be a cricket or a grasshopper. Holmes, for instance, makes both cricket and locust "pipe"; Bryant makes them both "chirp"; Longfellow has both grasshopper and locust singing. In the majority of cases it is probable they meant neither locust, cricket, nor grasshopper, but the cicada, which I have heard in a dozen States of America shrilling through the day, just as I have heard them in Asia and in Egypt. And if I am right in my surmise, the poets have the justification of the sympathy of antiquity, for the cicada is a classic favorite, and to this day petted in the isles of Greece. Occasionally the individual insect is unmistakably specified, either by name, as in Holmes poem to



RAC FOR LIFE.

he katydid, or by some touch of description that identifies it, as in Bay-rd Taylor's

> "The air was dry, the night was dark and clear,
> And in the dying clover crickets chirped,"

r Holmes's

> "little mourners clad in black,
> The crickets sliding through the grass,
> Shall pipe for her an evening mass."

ut in very many cases there is a wider margin left for doubt as to the pecies of insect intended.

But with such an appalling insect as the locust there ought to be no ifling. Its very name commands respect, for it means "a burned place," nd conveys, therefore, a terrible significance, which recalls at once the escription in Holy Writ, "A fire devoureth before them, and behind hem a fire burneth." Passing over a district, they do indeed seem to corch it, for the green surface on which they rest turns on the instant dull, dark brown, and as they move along, the bare earth behind them resents all the appearance of having been swept by fire. In their flight he noise of their wings strangely resembles the sounds of a strong ame driven by the wind, and when the myriad are feeding, the rear ranks, by constantly fluttering or leaping over those in front, make it seem, even from a short distance, as if a low wave of smoke were rolling across the ground.

Utter devastation marks its course, while its advance is irresistible. Mountains offer no obstacle to the strong-winged destroyers, and the pitiful device of setting alight great bonfires in their paths is overcome by the insects smothering the conflagration by multitudinous suicide. For what use are fires and fences against an enemy that can be computed by its superficial area in miles, or the length of time it takes in passing overhead? A sheet of locusts three miles is reported by a trustworthy observer to have passed over Damascus in 1824, and though flying with all the speed of their wings, accelerated by the steady wind blowing behind them, it took five hours in passing. Another exodus was computed to be not less than eighty miles in length, and when in the morning the host rose from the ground the sun was literally eclipsed, and the travellers rode on their way under a living cloud. The Tartars aver that human beings have been smothered by locusts—just as in other climates they are smothered by snow-flakes—the grain stores of the caravan having tempted the hungry flight to alight.

In Arabia especially it is a chronic scourge, but it is the privilege of the Arab herdsman to revenge himself on the locust swarms that consume his pasture by making soup of them. Revenge is thus rendered palatable, and if sweetened with a little honey, it becomes to the Arab taste quite delicious. Nor, looked at objectively, is the eating of the spoiler less noteworthy, for history, as a rule, represents insignificant pests as being beyond the reach of a collective and catholic punishment. When the foxes ate the grapes of the prophet's vineyard, Isaiah deplored the ravages, but we are not told that penalties followed on his lamentations. Even prophets—and they have fared badly at times, the most respectable of them—may not descend to eating foxes. Again, when "the very strong man Kwasind" was pelted to death with fir cones on the river Taquemenaw by "the little people," we do not read in "Hiawatha" that the Indian hero was avenged by any massacre of the pigmies, or even conflagration of firs. Had Auber any compensation of the bees that stung his birds to death? or can even a Viceroy of India expect redress against the mosquitoes that plague the viceroyal person? Elephants, again, are powerless before porcupines, and even pigs will put the huge earth-shaking beast to flight, as is recorded in the *Liber Festivalis*, when Alexander the Great thus routed an Indian army which was arrayed against him, with many "olyphauntes berynge castelles of wood on theyr backes,